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The Bystander, April 5, 1922 No. 957. Vol. LXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

"OH, TO BE OUT OF ENGLAND NOW THAT SPRING IS HERE!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
CLOTILDE & ALEXANDRE SAKHAROFF, G. P. HUNTLEY & CO. in "WALLPAPERS," NEIL KENYON, ARTHUR PRINCE, Pichel and Scale, Dorothy McBlain, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH
Evenings at 8. Matinées, Weds., Sats., & Easter Monday at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates,
Cicely Debenham. Nancie Lovat. Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243). OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES
A New Light Comedy
By R. C. CARTON.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, TUESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848). THE SILVER BOX
by JOHN GALSWORTHY.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

DALY'S. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Tues., Sat. & Easter Mon., 2.15.
After Easter Week. Mats., THURS. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand, Harry Welchman.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). EVENINGS at 8.
MATINÉES, WEDS, SATS., & EASTER MONDAY.
HIS GIRL. STANLEY LUPINO.
Hilda Bayley, Margaret Bays, Arthur Margetson.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Thurs., April 6. MARIE LÖHR
by arrangement with Dion Boucicault will present
A. A. Milne's play "MR. PIM PASSES BY"
with Irene Vanbrugh and Dion Boucicault in their original parts.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
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In a Pierrotic Entertainment—NEW PROGRAMME.

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ARTHUR WONTNER EVA MOORE.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

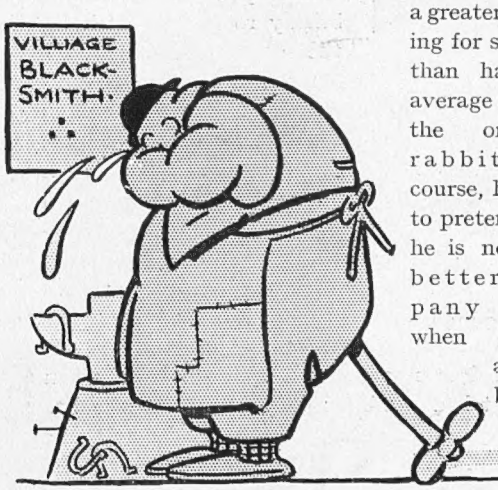
Spring Fever

SPRING! These are the days when the jolly old "go-fever" gets hold of you and bids you say farewell to your feelings of self-satisfaction and sweet content. No longer may you sit in your arm-chair, secure in the knowledge that you are a mighty fine fellow. Yesterday, everything was right and to-day, everything is wrong. The torch of Ambition sets fire to the thatch of your heart, and, like Ernest Dowson, you mope and moan because, forsooth, you cannot find you a ferry to the place where you are not. Any place is Paradise except the place you happen to be in, for you have been badly bitten by the bug of Discontent, and you can do nothing but scratch your soul in a fury of unreasoning longing for the things that cannot be. For myself:

I want to see a crocodile
Asleep beside the River Nile;
I want to stand before the Sphinx
And ask her what she *really* thinks;
I want to smell those Eastern smells
And hear those tinkly temple bells;
Or watch the flying fishes play
Upon the road to Mandalay—
But, most of all, I want to see
An orange growing on a tree!

Earlier Holidays

ONCE again we are being urged to take our holidays early in order that we may avoid the crowds. Can you conceive a less convincing argument? Man is a gregarious animal. He loves crowds and has a greater loathing for solitude than has the average rook or the ordinary rabbit. Of course, he likes to pretend that he is never in better company than when he is alone, but five minutes of his own society is apt to bore him stiff. At this season of the year he talks vaguely of a holiday at Bacton or Totland Bay, but if you go to Brighton or Blackpool in September, you will find him on the beach, nearly naked, and entirely unashamed.



Making the Annual Sacrifice

YOU, dear reader, are the exception, and as it takes an exception to prove the rule, you help to bear out my point. I am very grateful to you, and I hope you will have a fine time next June when you leave Town for that lonely farm-house in Devon where you have *nearly* made up your mind to spend your holidays this summer. There, you will be far from the crowds that madden you. No golf course will fret your soul, and no casual acquaintances will drop in for a game of bridge when you have just settled down for a quiet evening. If, on the other hand, you do not complete that programme, I quite understand that someone else will be entirely to blame. Either your wife will insist on taking the children to Littlehampton, or the girls will pine for tennis at Torquay or you will remember that you have a date with a golfing friend at Crowborough. And, being a decent fellow, you will once again sacrifice yourself as you have done so many times before. Never mind, I shall *quite* understand!

"Smokers for Smokers"

TWO or three weeks ago, I complained that *bona fide* smokers were crowded out of smoking carriages on the Underground by non-smokers, and I invited the authorities to exhibit the following notice:

THIS IS A SMOKING CARRIAGE
IF YOU DON'T SMOKE—
GET OUT!

Having written the paragraph, I thought no more about the matter, until the letters began to roll in. Letters! They filled the letter-box and overflowed into the passage of THE BYSTANDER office. Every smoker in the country seemed to have taken up his

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

pen in order that he might call me blessed. Not a man who had stood all the way from Hammersmith to Finsbury Park but did not write to tell me about it. There was only one dissentient—a gentleman who admitted that he—a non-smoker—always travelled in a smoking carriage because he was afraid of catching the flu; and please would I forgive him? I did!

A Horrible Suggestion

SINCE writing the above, I find that my evening paper has moved in the matter, and makes the horrible suggestion that women crowd into smoking carriages because they can't bear to be away from the men. I admire the pluck of my evening paper. I wouldn't have dared to make such a cynical suggestion as that. Why should a nice girl be asked to sit in an empty, cheerless, non-smoking compartment, when she can always get a seat in a nice, warm, crowded smoking carriage? The girls are all right, and the system is all wrong. To-day, we are all smokers at heart, and the sooner the railway companies realise that we are living in 1922 the better for all concerned.

CUTTING HIS OWN THROAT By ALFRED LEETE

"Begorra! How the divil do ye expect me to be peaceful when there's that quarrelsome spalpeen making faces at me all the time!"

Splendid Fellow!

A KINGSTON police constable who estimates that he has caused something like 100,000 motorists to be summoned for various offences has just retired from the Force. I am very glad to hear it!

The Tragedy of a Town

IN these days when Tragedy lurks at every street corner—when Life itself is a tragedy for most of us—the overwhelming tragedy of the village of Farnborough (Warwickshire) has passed without comment. Farnborough had but one inn, and that has been burned out! On a bright March morning, when jocund spring was in the air, and the village blacksmith paused from his work at the forge to reflect on the pleasant fact that it wanted but an hour to opening time, the only public house in Farnborough caught fire, and when opening time came there was nothing to open! The village blacksmith still stands beside his forge, glaring at the village pump with baleful eye, and, having tried to do justice to the sad fate of Farnborough, I will, with your permission, go out and have just one at the local Bodega.

Wretched Gamblers

IT would be interesting to know the name of the optimistic passenger who won the pool on the day the *Aquitania* beat her previous record by steaming 556 miles in twenty-four hours. When you have walked briskly round the deck for the good of your Little Mary—when you have played shuffle-board and deck-tennis until your back aches—when you have been made much of at the dinner-table by the assistant steward—then it is a pleasant experience to sit in the smoking-room and join in the auction on the day's run. The harmless little gamble is very popular with the smoke-room steward (who draws his 10 per cent.), and it provides a good "bar turn" both at night and at noon on the following day, when all the wretched gamblers drop in to see who has most nearly approximated the mileage for the past twenty-four hours.

(Continued on page 24)

Spring? Oh, Certainly! Rath-er!

BY E. T. REED

Even the "Coalition," described every morning (*and* evening) by some, in whom the wish goes much farther than the thought, as effete, moribund, and in a state of imminent dissolution, would be *charmed* to give a perfectly *priceless* "*Revel of Spring*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Mystery Ships

THE Admiralty have decided to demolish the famous "mystery ship," which looked like a floating martello tower and lived in the eastern arm of Shoreham Harbour. So far as I can gather, no one has the slightest idea what useful object these vast concrete towers were supposed to serve, and the Admiralty kept their secret for the possible reason that they did not know themselves. I have often wondered if the inventor was influenced by one of M. P. Shiel's novels, in which the author told how floating forts were towed to certain strategical points, and, having enormous guns mounted, held the shipping of the world to ransom. It was a pretty idea, but I very much doubt if the sister mystery ship, which was towed to Spithead a year ago, is being used for the purpose outlined by the novelist.

"Come Down to Kew"

ALL roads lead to Kew these spring days, and one realises what an inspiration its beautiful gardens have been to the younger poets of our race. I suppose that Henley began it, when he wrote:

> On the way to Kew,
> By the river old and grey,
> Where in the Long Ago
> We laughed and loitered so,
> I met a ghost to-day,
> A ghost that told of you—
> A ghost of low replies
> And sweet, inscrutable eyes
> Coming up from Richmond
> As you used to do.

And then, of course, Alfred Noyes shed a further glamour on the place when he penned his exquisite lines, "Come down to Kew in lilac time." If you are a Londoner you should go down to Kew, and if you aren't—why, then, the train fare from Aberdeen would be well spent.

By Victor Hicks

A SPRING REFLECTION: THAT NEW HAT

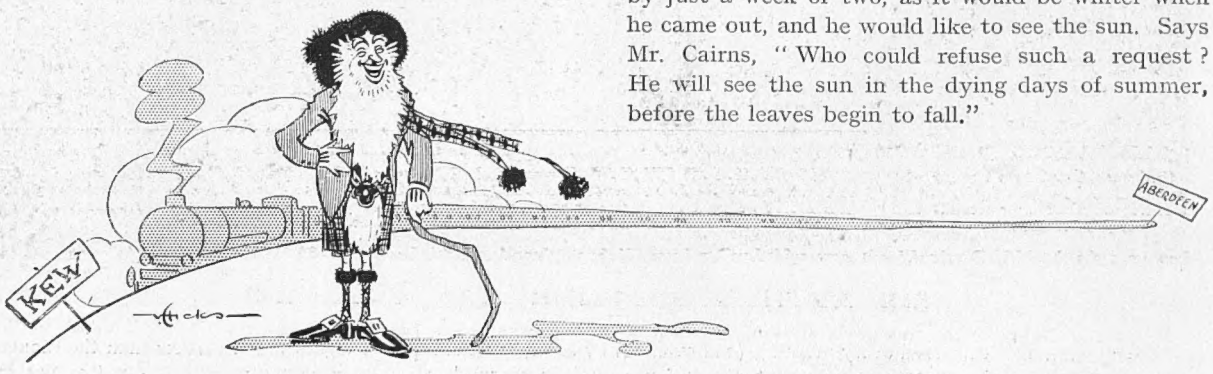
Does Marriage Pay?

I TAKE off my hat to the man who told the Marylebone magistrate that he had been handicapped in his career through not having a wife. Of course, we all know that he was speaking the simple truth, but you will find so few men to admit it. Kipling has never been forgiven by the ladies for saying that as high hopes cool on a warm hearthstone, "he travels the fastest who travels alone;" but Kipling has since had a Roland for his Oliver in the shape of these lines:

> You praised the plan of the single man
> Who selfishly rode alone;
> And poked poor fun at the foolish one
> Who sat by a warm hearthstone.
> Since that was penned you have learned, old friend,
> The wisdom of those who wive—
> But the wrong that was done at twenty-one
> You must pay for at fifty-five.

A Prisoner's Plea

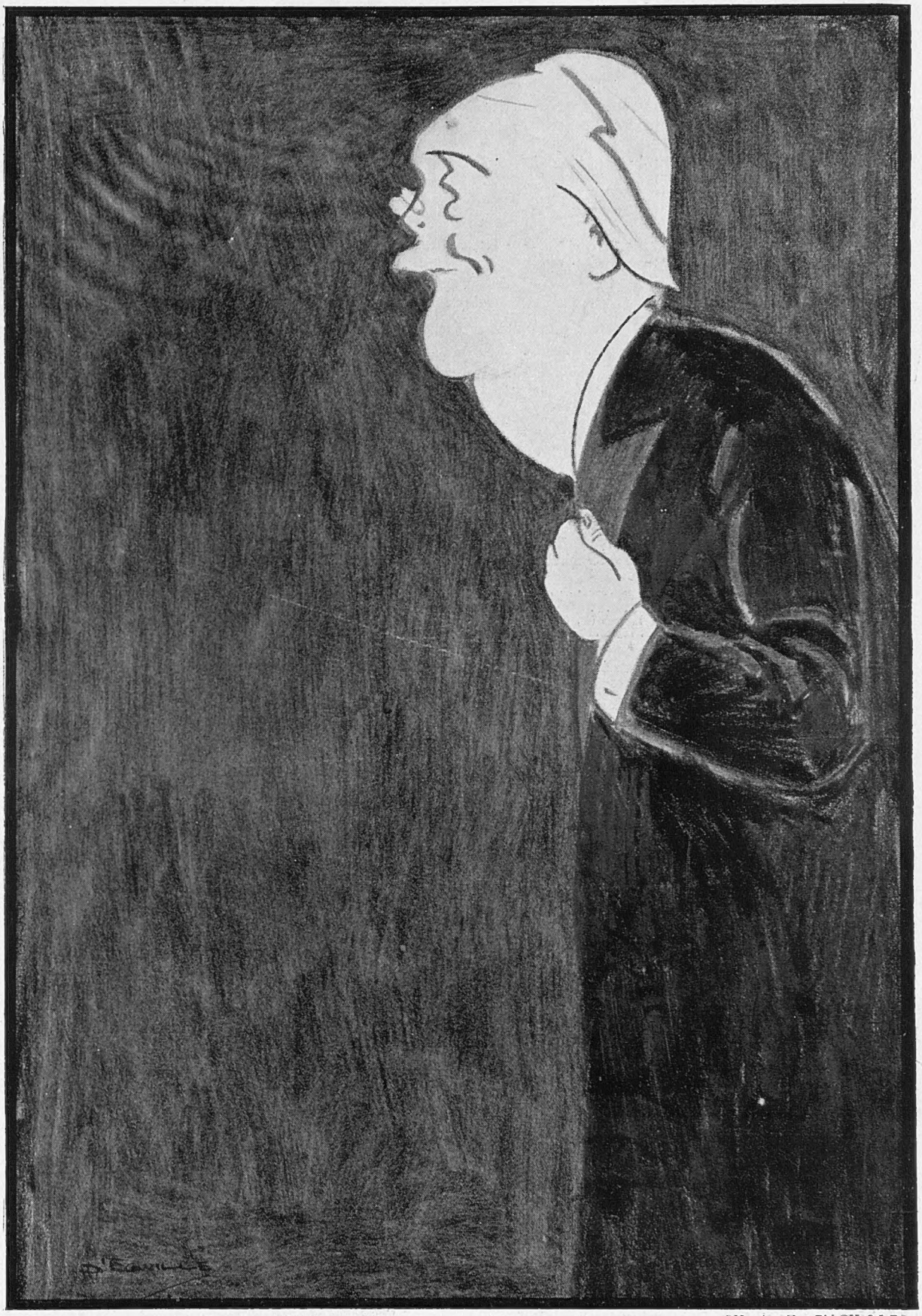
THE reminiscences of Mr. Cairns, the Metropolitan Police Magistrate, copious extracts from which have for weeks been appearing in *The Graphic*, are of quite exceptional interest. In the latest instalment he tells of a prisoner, with a long and terrible record of crime, who had been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour, and who, on being brought back to the dock to give him the chance of being tried before a judge and jury if he preferred it, said it made no difference, but requested that his sentence might be reduced by just a week or two, as it would be winter when he came out, and he would like to see the sun. Says Mr. Cairns, "Who could refuse such a request? He will see the sun in the dying days of summer, before the leaves begin to fall."



THE TRAIN FARE FROM ABERDEEN WELL SPENT

By Victor Hicks

"Springing" It On Him



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR, K.G., O.M., M.P.

A striking caricature of this great statesman, which, with two others, has been generously given by the artist to the "Daily Graphic," and is being auctioned in aid of their Free Meal and Relief Fund. Rumour has whispered that Sir Arthur, in whom this country, America and the whole world have such complete trust, is to be honoured with a Peerage, and by now even, this may have become actuality

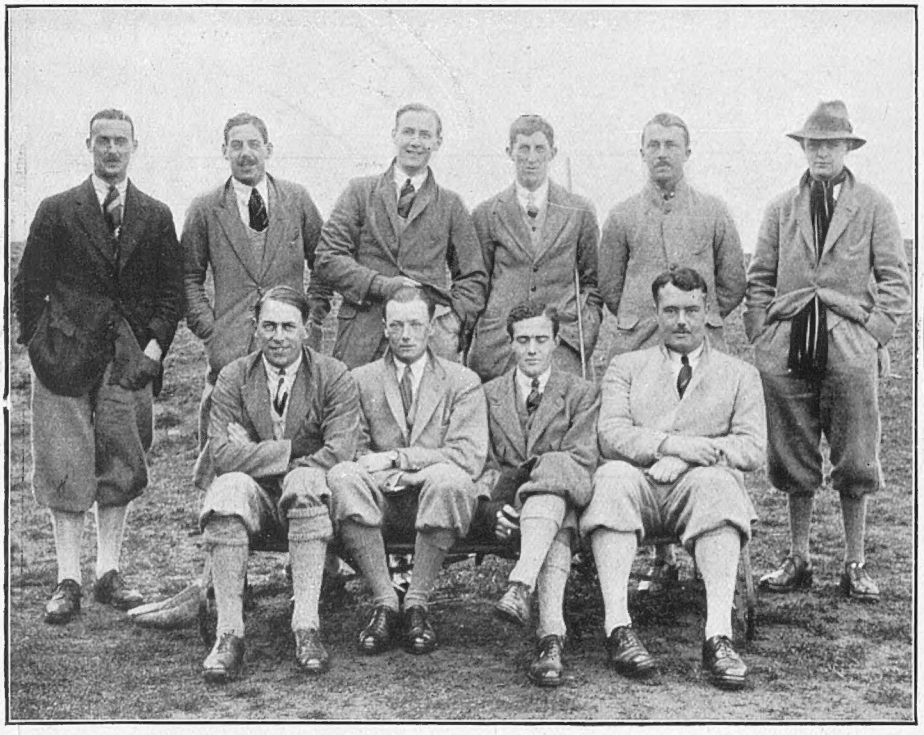
The 'Varsity Golf Match

E. F. STOREY (Jesus)

Seventh man on the Cambridge side in the Singles, who won the last match of the day on Wednesday, and so gave Cambridge the victory

THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM

Left to right (standing): W. H. Aitken (2), C. S. Dunkerley (reserve), J. Boyce (8), R. W. Little (6), A. C. Gosling (9), E. F. Storey (7), C. A. Fiddian-Green (10); (seated): F. S. Russell (reserve), H. K. Goadby (5), J. Longbourne (4), C. H. Prowse (Capt.) (1), J. A. Bott (3). The numbers denote the order in which they played in Singles. The pairs were Longbourne and Goadby, Bott and Storey, Boyce and Aitken, Prowse and Fiddian-Green, Little and Gosling



THE OXFORD TEAM

Left to right (standing): H. L. C. Aked (5), A. M. Stern (10), A. L. Murray (9), W. P. Till (7), L. B. Wimble (8), E. S. F. Chance (6); (seated): A. H. S. Vivian (3), G. C. Stokoe (4), D. G. Cochran (2). C. H. Tolley (1). The numbers denote the order in which they played in the Singles. The pairs were Tolley and Wimble, Vivian and Stokoe, Cochran and Chance, Till and Murray, Aitken and Stern

D. G. COCHRAN (Trinity)

The Oxford captain. He was badly beaten in the Singles by W. H. Aitken, but he and Chance won their foursome against Aitken and Boyce

Over the course of the Princes Golf Club at Sandwich last Tuesday and Wednesday Cambridge won the 'Varsity Golf Match after an exciting tussle by a single point, thereby confounding the prophets who had "tipped" Oxford to win. They won the foursomes on the first day by 3 points to 2, and the Singles on the second were halved at 5 points all. Their victory was largely due to the cleverness of their skipper in arranging his team, which was reorganised at the last moment with the most happy results. W. H. Aitken, in particular, fully justified his promotion from sixth to second place by beating the Oxford captain comfortably. Each University has now won eighteen contests, and there have been three ties

Photographs by Sport and General, British Illustrations, and Photo Illus. Co.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Holiday

THE departure of the Court to Windsor for Easter emphasises a fact of which few people take little or no cognisance, and that is how the King and Queen are able to have so few changes during the year. Their devotion to duty keeps them in London for at least eight months out of the twelve. And whilst Their Majesties are in residence at Buckingham Palace there are no week-ends in the country such as a large number of their subjects enjoy, none of the little breaks which it is possible for even Prime Ministers and others saturated with affairs to take.

Pressure of public business and the constantly changing horizon in foreign and home politics make the rule followed by Queen Victoria—and, to a certain extent, by King Edward—that Ministers must wait upon the Sovereign wherever the Court may be, an impossibility. In old days Cabinet Ministers thought nothing of the journeys to Balmoral and Osborne, and we all remember Mr. Asquith going out to Biarritz to get King Edward's signature to an all-important document. But time and the present crowded hour have changed all that, and, more than any man in England, the King has to be on the spot. So, when following the example of his mediæval ancestors His Majesty "keeps his Easter," as the old chroniclers put it, at Windsor, it means a much-needed rest and change.

Photograph *Vandyk*

H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY

Who last week attained his twenty-second birthday. He has been riding in several point-to-point races with varying success, recently winning on Rathgarogue at the Bicester meeting. He is at present stationed at Canterbury with his regiment, the 10th Hussars

Photograph *I.B.*

THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE OVERSEAS CLUB

The King and Queen glancing at a day's correspondence of the Overseas Club, Vernon House, Park Place, to which they paid a surprise visit last week. So unexpected was it that many members, deep in their armchairs and papers, did not notice the King and Queen, and hardly had time to stand up, but the King's charming, "Oh, please be seated," put everyone at ease

An Awful Moment

SPEAKING of Windsor reminds me of one of the most uncomfortable and disconcerting five minutes I have ever gone through. I was spending a week-end at a house near by. Amongst the guests was a distinguished foreign nobleman and his wife, and as the Sunday was the only possible day on which the distinguished couple could see the Castle, our host—a personal friend of King Edward—had obtained permission that the whole party might be shown over.

We saw everything, including much that is not shown to the general public. In one of the private sitting-rooms spring-cleaning was going on, and all down one side the housemaids had ranged on the floor against the wall the china belonging to the room—vases, *jardinières*, bowls, etc., in preparation for washing them.

The distinguished foreigner was a connoisseur of pictures. A portrait high up on the wall opposite the china attracted his attention. He stepped backwards—I can hear the crash now.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE LAST MEET

A large field turned out for the last meet of the Isle of Wight foxhounds at Fairlee, near Newport. On the right, mounted, are General Seely and his son, together with the host, Mr. Beckingsale, of Fairlee House, the Master, Mr. Fleming, and the Assist.-Master, Col. House

I don't know who counted the fragments — of course, the broken pieces were irreplaceable — but a letter was sent to King Edward that night. I was told afterwards that the kindest possible reply was sent, which in some measure comforted the unfortunate nobleman.

No china ever cast such a gloom over a week-end party, and no visitors were ever taken again from that house to Windsor Castle.

On Being a "Right Down, Regular" Princess

As Mrs. Leeds, Princess Christopher of Greece figured frequently in Colonel Repington's first book of memoirs. In his second book, *After the War*, he gives us the first first-hand account we have had of her Royal state in Athens. Apparently she told him quite frankly that if she had known what it all meant she would never have "gotten into it," and after one of her discourses upon her duties, he says, "they seemed to me to constitute a dog's life. She says that 'any bob-tailed Greek' can write to ask for her photograph and she has to send it."

All the world, its wife, and its grandchildren believed that some of Princess Christopher's vast wealth had been useful in bringing about the return of King Tino from his exile in Switzerland. I know the opinion was held amongst many Royal and diplomatic folk. But Princess Christopher denies the story strenuously, telling Colonel Repington that the millions of drachma expended by a friend of Venizelos to influence the deciding election—King Tino or Venizelos—in his favour only resulted in the people taking the money and voting for the King's return. She added that she would have got nothing out of it—a most conclusive reason for not spending money.

Princess Christopher is the first American to become a real Royal Highness. According to Colonel Repington she might have been a Queen. Albania offered its very shaky throne to her and her husband. But she had seen enough of the country in passing by on shipboard. She told Colonel Repington she preferred peace and quiet and the society of her friends in England. Nevertheless, she is thinking of acquiring or building a palace in Athens, where she will spend part of the winters

Colonel Repington likewise tells us that the Greek Royal family have been "very nice" to Princess Christopher, and that "luckily for her" she married King Tino's youngest brother, so that she "trots about lost at functions." After all, seeing that Prince Christopher married Mrs. Leeds with his brother and his mother the Queen-Dowager's full consent and approbation, and she was officially accorded the rank of Royal Highness on her marriage, why shouldn't the family be "very nice" to her? It would be distinctly shabby if they weren't.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

LIEUT.-COL. J. H. GIBBON

On Caradoc II after winning, for the second year in succession, the Royal Artillery Gold Cup at Sandown Park recently. Colonel Gibbon has often coached the Cambridge eight for the 'Varsity Boat Race, himself being an old Blue. He is also a very keen rider to hounds

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE INTER-'VARSITY POINT-TO-POINT

Viscountess Wimborne with her eldest son, the Hon. Ivor Guest, on "Barry," which he rode in the Inter-'Varsity Point-to-Point held at Broadway, Worcester. Oxford won easily in a field of fourteen

The Boat Race

The Oxford and Cambridge Race this year has made history. For the first time ladies were allowed upon the official tugs that follow the race—another triumph for *le beau sexe*. Perhaps we may yet live to see a Newnham and Girton boat race

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A NOTABLE WEDDING

Miss Audrey James with Captain Dudley Coats after their marriage at the Brompton Oratory. Mrs. Dudley Coats is the only daughter of Mrs. Brinton, formerly Mrs. William James, who so often entertained the late King Edward at West Dean Park. The best man was Sir Victor Mackenzie, who, it will be remembered, acted for Viscount Lascelles. Captain Dudley Coats, who is in the Scots Guards, is a son of Sir Stuart and Lady Coats

between Putney and Mortlake, or will it be Newnham *versus* Oxford University and Girton *versus* Cambridge University? Women have so often overtopped men as Wranglers that—well, I won't pursue the subject, it threatens the matriarchal period, which, I am told, is the latest dream of advanced femininity.

There's another little historical point about the Oxford crew. Sebastian Earl rowed on Saturday for the third time in this race of races, and the stroke, A. V. Campbell, who stroked the Eton eight last year, is, I believe, the youngest stroke Oxford has ever had. He is a grandson of Lady Swansea, and, consequently, a step-nephew of Lord Swansea, to whom Lady Swansea is stepmother.

Most of our historical annual fixtures, such as the Derby, Ascot, Cowes, etc., figure again and again in fiction and on the stage, but for the life of me I can't remember any novelist pressing the Boat Race into his service. The late Dion Boucicault used it in a melodrama called *Formosa*, which Mrs. Langtry revived at Drury Lane; but either the dramatist had taken no pains to collect his facts or training was unknown in his time. On the night before the race the Oxford crew, amongst whom is the hero, spent a time of rapturous razzle in London getting to bed somewhere about 5 a.m., and the hero, who has been more razzling than all the others put together, "leads" his boat to victory the next morning.

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT MARYLEBONE REGISTER OFFICE

Lord Victor Paget and the Hon. Bridget Colebrooke outside Marylebone Register Office after their marriage there. The bridegroom is the heir presumptive to his brother, the Marquess of Anglesey, whilst Lady Paget is the youngest daughter of Baron Colebrooke

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE PEARSON-MOND WEDDING

Sir Neville Pearson and Mary, Sir Alfred Mond's daughter, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, who died some months ago. Sir Alfred Mond gave his daughter away

Photograph *Bassano*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Miss Margaret Helen Procter, the elder daughter of Sir Henry Procter, C.B.E., and Lady Procter, C.B.E., of Ware Hill, Gt Amwell, Herts, and Captain Guy Nicholas Vansittart, of the Central Indian Horse, and younger son of Captain R. A. Vansittart, late 7th Dragoon Guards, whose wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Parish Church

Our Latest Craze

IF you are staying in one of the modern houses whose walls are thin, and the very last thing at night and the very first thing in the morning you hear murmurs from a contiguous chamber that you know is occupied by a bachelor gentleman or a spinster lady, don't fall into a sad and regrettable error. Everybody is doing the Coué formulæ now. Directly they put their head on their pillow, and directly they wake up in the morning say:

"Every day, in every respect, I grow better and better."

You have to say that twenty times at night, twenty times in the morning—I don't know how you keep count, but that's a detail. If you can't sleep at night there's some more to say. Should you be uncertain in your French you can say, "I am going to sleep," but M. Coué says the French is more efficacious. Here it is, "*Je vais dormir*," only you have to make "the sound of a humming bee," an effect, M. Coué says, you can get by saying the words very quickly over and over again. The three words repeated rapidly in French certainly do give the effect of the buzz-buzz of a bee, but how many of us have the right

A CHARMING DANCER

Miss Constance Seymour, who has been dancing in the recent Stock Exchange production, "A Runaway Girl," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, which had a really phenomenal success

pronunciation of *dormir*? With the usual English pronunciation of the word there's not a shadow of a buzz, because, following the national habit, we emphasise the first syllable instead of the last.

This reflection comes to me. If by saying forty times a day that you are growing better and better you actually do become better, then how will you depart out of this life unless you fall from a five-storey window, or a motor-bus driver doesn't apply his brakes in time when you are crossing the road? Just think of wistful heirs—whole rows of them—forced to witness the unfailing sprightliness of nonagenarian and centenarian parents who keep the grave at bay by the Coué formula!

Well, here's another reflection. Your BYSTANDER has seen a variety of these crazes take the Town by storm, and you have seen them, too—"mental healing" in I can't count how many forms. There's a substratum of truth in them all, because hysteria and nerves play a big and unrealised part in human life, but all the same they are crazes, the last excitement to be run after.

Don't you remember the Kneipp craze when everybody drank gallons of water a day and walked barefoot in the dew o' early mornings? There was such a rush to Kensington Gardens that people who got there after eight o'clock found the dew all used up.

MISS BERTHA LEWIS

Who is such a great favourite in the D'Oyly Carte Company of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. Their very successful season at the Princes Theatre terminates on Saturday

Microbe Slaying

Then there was the sour-milk cure. You put horrible germs into good, wholesome milk several times a day, assured as you swallowed the nauseous result that every glassful set back the hands of the clock and slew the microbes lying in wait to pounce upon your strength, your looks and your complexion. This was of short duration because the microbes of a certain great dame apparently refused to be slain by the sour milk. Instead, microbes and sour milk formed an offensive alliance which nearly ended the lady's story. She wrote to a friend, "I have been in sight of the gates of Heaven, but, thank God, I returned."

All these things point to one thing, and one thing only, the child-like belief we all have in those who speak to us with authority—and the absorbing interest we all take in our insides, whether of head or body—just because we can't see them. Tell a man or a woman that they can carve a wooden statue with their hands, they will laugh at you. Tell them they can cure a toothache by saying "It will pass," and they will try.

AT THE MONTE CARLO PALACE

Sonia and André Darnay, who have made a great success of their exhibition dancing at the Hotel Monte Carlo Palace this season

The Riviera Week by Week
by Duns-Scotus

DURING a forced residence in Germany in 1915, at the most interesting of my Hun torture homes, named, appropriately, "Abode of Rest," I was thrilled to watch various Hun experiments in aeroplanes, observation balloons, rockets, etc., at close quarters. There were lists of the British war vessels, said to be sent to the bottom, kindly published on the door of the camp captain's cabin for our edification, I remember one of thirty-nine ships whose, in most cases, premature decease were vaunted. I used to gauge my friends' intelligence by finding out what importance they attached to poison gases, submarines, and aeroplanes as determining factors in the War. My military relations, I am sorry to say, still cling to the idea that infantry will determine the fate of future wars. My nightmares then and now were poison gases and submarines, and, more now than formerly, aeroplane progress. I recollect reading again in that camp Conan Doyle's wonderful pre-War suggestion of an army silently and painlessly given eternal sleep by the super air machine's clouds of poison mist. No Peace Conference can provide against such devilish crimes. A hint in some paper that British and American, and, it goes without saying, other Allies, were pooling their brains to combat these enemies of God and man was a much-wanted tonic.

THE Nice aviation meeting from March 27 to April 2, just finished, was far and away the most interesting event of the whole Riviera season, and Monsieur Raiberti, Minister of Marine, Député, and President of the General Council of the Alpes Maritimes, and the organisers cannot be too heartily congratulated on their endeavour to stir the imagination of the cosmopolitan allied public here about the vital importance of aviation and their desire to honour the supermen of the air whom they have

Photograph *Wide World Pho.o.*

LORD BYNG OPENS A NEW CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

His Excellency Lord Byng, Governor-General of Canada, Lady Byng, and Staff, at the opening of the 14th Parliament in Ottawa. Left to right (standing): The Hon. Francis W. Erskine (Scots Guards), Miss Elizabeth Byng, Captain Edward A. Green (Royal Suffolk Hussars), Mrs. Willis O'Connor, Major H. Willis O'Connor, Miss Mary Byng and Hon. W. G. H. Jolife (Coldstream Guards). Seated: Captain O. H. C. Balfour (K.R.R.C.), Lord and Lady Byng and Major G. P. Vanier

assembled here. The list of entrants speaks for the seriousness of the management and the great influence such a meeting must have on the future of aviation.

How glad we were to welcome in the flesh Captain Fonck, "*As des As*," with his seventy-five victories in the air; Lieut.-Colonel Piccio, the Italian champion, with twenty-four; and Lieut. Chevalier Coppens, the Belgian champion, with thirty-four; not to speak of Lieut. Nungesser, with fifty-three, and Captain Madden, with forty-eight scalps, besides the pioneers like Farman and Blériot, Bathiat and Paulhan, and the various speed and distance and trick champions, who have met and conquered all the difficulties of Alpine ranges, broad seas, and storms. There were even lady champions, who thrilled with their parachute descents. There were also illustrated lectures, war air manœuvres and battles and attacks on *ballons dirigables*. Bombardment and sinking of an old warship by hydravions and chase and bombardment of a submarine. Imitation duels and battles between the most famous heroes and squadrons of the air, and all sorts of captive balloon adventures.

How exciting to meet these men intimately for a week and evolve the common, or, rather, uncommon, denominator of their forceful characters. Actuated by all sorts of spurs to heroism to start with, the unique qualities required for success in the air must have left among the great survivors some special spiritual or nerve affinity. I wonder if they recognise it in themselves, or, after intimate exchange of experience, in each other?

In a Monte Carlo suburb, a man called Caroll, said to be an architect from Washington and an Irish catholic, has had a narrow escape. Rather a pity he got off so well! He induced a lovely girl of Nice, of seventeen years old, to run away with him. The father traced them and tried to kill the man, but missed him three times and was jailed. The daughter's eyes were opened,

Photograph *E. Navello*

LADY WOLVERTON

And Lord Charles Montagu wait to drive off on the beautiful links at Cannes

it seems. She got hold of the revolver and shot the man through both cheeks, but he is getting on well. The father has been released after paying a fine of a hundred francs for carrying arms illegally, and the daughter is at large, also, and a popular heroine. The French papers of Nice, who seldom publish local crimes, are loud in their denunciation of the wicked foreigners, who are also described as great hulking brutes of nearly six feet high! D.-S.

Mr. Cameron Sutherland

In our issue of February 22 last, there appeared a cartoon drawn by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather. It represented a theatrical manager booking artists for Grand Guignol, who is seen saying to a man: "Now look here, Mr. Cameron Sutherland, what we want is a mean, base, low-down cur, a despicable wretch, a man of vile life, and a criminal of the lowest type. You look to me to be just the man for the part."

This cartoon was drawn by Captain Bairnsfather on February 8 and received at our office on the 10th, appearing, as we have stated, in our issue of the 22nd. On February 16 last a Mr. Cameron Sutherland of Thurso, N.B., was appointed by the Caithness County Council to the position of County Road Surveyor. Mr. Cameron Sutherland, through his solicitors, has complained to us that he is very much aggrieved that we should have used his name as we have done.

We need hardly say that Captain Bairnsfather did not know Mr. Cameron Sutherland, and in no sense was the cartoon directed to this gentleman. The solicitors have, however, pointed out that, however unintentional the publication may have been on our part, Mr. Cameron Sutherland has, nevertheless, cause for complaint. While we feel satisfied that no ordinary reader would consider that this cartoon had reference to Mr. Cameron Sutherland, and would consider it as purely imaginary, nevertheless, we much regret that Mr. Cameron Sutherland should have suffered any annoyance at this inadvertent use of his name.

Photograph *E. Navello*

AN EASY WIN

Mlle. Lenglen and Comte Soumarokoff experienced little difficulty in defeating Miss Ryan and Lord Rocksavage in the final of the Mixed Doubles at the Nice Tournament

Overdoing the Underground

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

As a regular, but unwilling, patron of the Underground, I am getting just a little bit fed-up with the smug satisfaction of the company at its own achievements.

The statistical announcements on the windows of the carriages particularly annoy me. This one, for instance (I don't absolutely guarantee the wording, but it's near enough) :

How many car-miles did the Underground run last year ?

Omnibuses ran	..	1,082,500,000
Railways ,,	..	70,000,000
Tramways ,,	..	17,000,000

A total of car-miles equal to a journey to the moon and back, or 110,000 times round the world—no inconsiderable trip !

Stupendous, no doubt, and *frightfully* interesting to those who are keen on " car-miles " !

But not a word, you will notice, about the number of " strap-miles " that *I* have to do during the year between Paddington and Oxford Circus !

If they must have the windows plastered with statistics, let them have more of a human interest ; let them contain figures that will appeal at once to the passengers' sympathy.

A notice, for instance, like the following would soothe me immensely, and make me feel that, after all, I wasn't the only sufferer :

How many foot-corns were trodden on in the Underground last year ?

In the carriages	.. ..	703,000
In the lifts ..	.. ..	352,400
Changing at Baker Street, Victoria, etc.	.. ..	147,300

A total of 1,202,700 foot-corns, equal in area to Trafalgar Square (excluding the basins). Some foot-corn ! What ?

(I have called them " foot-corns," by the way, not because I habitually call them that, but because I feel sure the company would so describe them.)

Then there is that silly notice with the title :

" A RIDE ON THE ESCALATOR."

I forget how it goes, but I know it tells me with irritating exactness what it costs the company to the decimal of a farthing to bring me from its beastly tunnels into God's clean, fresh air, or, to be more accurate, the air of Paddington Station. As if that wasn't what I pay them to do ! *I* should like to give the company a little pamphlet with the title :

" A JOURNEY ON A STRAP,"

which would tell them exactly what it costs *me* every day, in self-restraint, not to say out loud what I think of them.

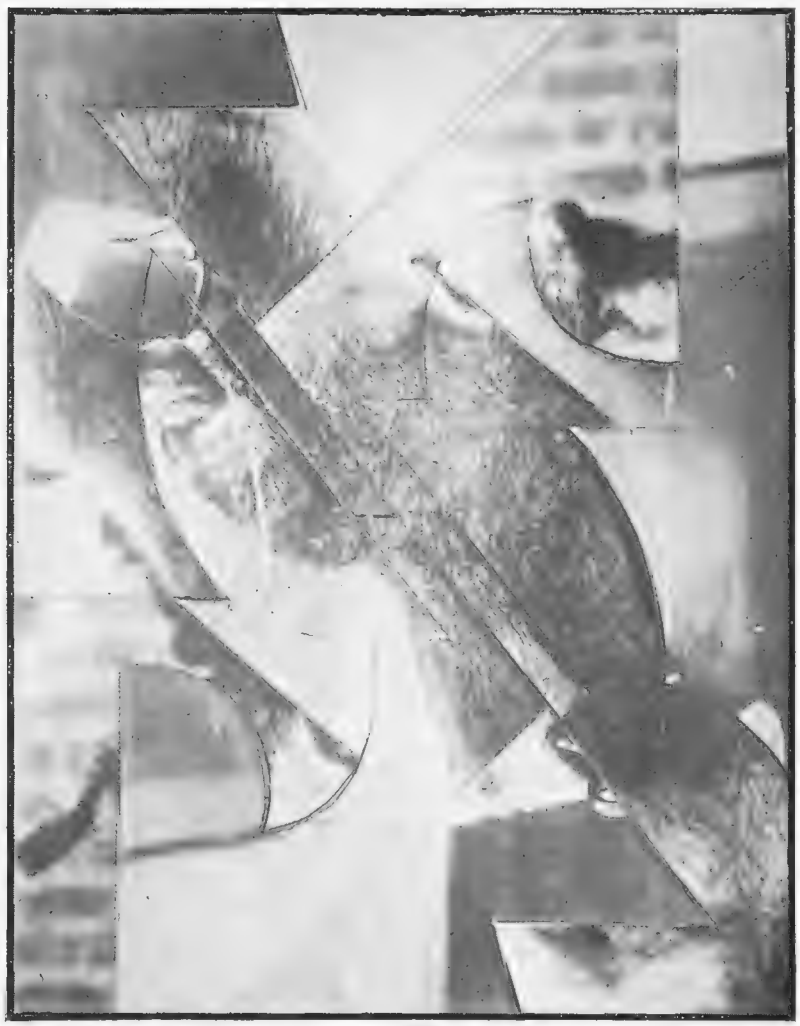
Which reminds me that the company have recently invited criticism and suggestions from the public.

I have one to offer.

Let them alter—ever so slightly—their well-known motto, so that it shall read :

UNDERGROUND TO ANYWHERE,
QUICKEST WAY TO MAKE YOU SWEAR.

W. HODGSON BURNET



"THE ARTIST"

"The Bystander" Cubist Artist is grieved to find that there are, even in these enlightened days, so many men and women in the country who are still so uneducated that they fail to appreciate the art of the Cubist and who condemn such art as being impossible and untrue to nature. Our Cubist expert most emphatically disagrees with such libellous statements and, as a proof of his arguments, he asks us to publish the accompanying photographic portrait. "The camera can't lie," he says, "as witness the Cubist effect of this portrait, which is purely photographic and, apart from a little necessary rearrangement as to parts, is as the camera registered it." For those who still doubt we publish on page 64 of this issue a print straight from the original negative of the same portrait

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ACCORDING to Sir John Simon, the Coalition is incapable of thrift. Nevertheless, there has recently been evidence of th'rift in the Coalition " loot " !

* * *

A PORTUGUESE jewel thief is reported to have spent sixty years in prison. The sixtieth, we suppose, was his " diamond " anniversary.

The Origin of—

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

—The Boat Race

A Spring-time Golf Controversy: THE GREAT BALL QUESTION

GOLF enjoys the advantage of being a game which can be played all the year round, yet there must be few golfers whose pulses are not quickened by the coming of spring, with its promise of better conditions. To many of them the winter may have been a winter of discontent, because, in the course of it, their valiant efforts to surmount the difficulties of heavy gales and heavy going have led to the development of faults, the cure for which has, so far, eluded them. But there is always the hope that under the genial influence of spring, with better conditions overhead and underfoot, these faults will automatically disappear.

The Case Stated

THE present spring, however, has brought with it something more than the customary fillip which the season gives to golfing enthusiasm. It marks the beginning of what looks like being a period of considerable activity in the politics of the game. The spirit of controversy is in the air, and the arrangements made by, or with the approval of, the Rules of Golf Committee to grapple further with the ball question, by the institution of certain tests, have provoked quite a storm of adverse criticism. The point at issue, put as shortly as possible, is this: The Rules Committee are desirous of discovering whether it is necessary, or desirable, further to limit the power of the ball, or, in other words, to oppose a stiffer fence to the skill and ingenuity of the manufacturers in producing balls which are capable of being hit further and further as the process of evolution goes on. Their opponents contend that they should be unfettered in the choice of the ball with which they play, and that if they wish to hit the ball as far as they possibly can, they are at liberty to choose the ball which is best suited to that purpose, and to take advantage of any help that the manufacturers can give them.

Vox Populi

THE trouble of the whole matter is that there are a certain number of players who, with the ball at present in vogue, are capable of covering such extraordinary distances with their long shots that, in current phraseology, "they make a course look silly." But they are only a comparatively small minority. The ordinarily good golfer, so far from being able to make a course look silly, is only too delighted if he can hit a stroke of a length which the exigencies of the course demand. He would be grateful, rather than otherwise, if the power of the ball could be augmented. Consequently the argument advanced by him, or at any rate by a good many of him, is "Why legislate for the superhitters who are in the minority if you thereby spoil the enjoyment of us, the ordinary hitters, who are in the majority?"

Necessary Safeguards

WE may take it that what the Rules Committee have in view is the ultimate good of the game, which, after all, only means the ultimate good of the players. In legislating for a game you must legislate with an eye to the capabilities of its experts, who are the few, and not of its moderate performers, who are the many. The spot stroke at billiards was barred, and rightly barred, because a minority had reduced it to such a fine art that they made billiards look silly. Lawn tennis would probably have died in its infancy if the original height of the net and shape of the court had not been altered in time to neutralise the condition of *impasse* to which expert play had reduced the game. And yet there were plenty of people at the time who, not being experts themselves, wanted to know what all the fuss was about. But it is the champion for whom you must legislate. And it is for this reason that the experiment of allowing only one service in rackets is being tried.

The Right Way to Work

IT comes to this, in fact, that although the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number has always an alluring sound, yet in games it cannot be secured by the simple process of letting things rip. If the line of demarcation between the expert and the average player shows signs of widening unduly, it must be reduced by curtailing the power of the expert, even if it involves the curtailment—obviously smaller in proportion—of the power of the smaller man. To put it in another way, you cannot keep a game in good health by making it easier for the ordinary player if you thereby make it easier still for the men at the top. And if the health of a game suffers, the welfare of its players must suffer too. The Rules of Golf Committee have not committed themselves to anything in the way of a change. They are merely going to experiment, which is about the best way of obtaining reliable data, and it may be that they will eventually decide that the existing state of affairs cannot be improved upon. In the meantime it cannot be contended that they are not going the right way to work in order to discover whether this is so or not. H. S. S.

"What's his game like?"
"The worst I ever listened to!"

By Graham Simmons

Golfers, Please Note

During the present week a most interesting exhibition for golfers is being held at Harrods, at which a distinguished band of professionals will be present to give advice and instruction, and a series of lectures, illustrated by camera films, will be delivered.

A SPRING SONG

Exclusive photograph] [*Alexander B. Beattie*

SIR HARRY IN THE HIELANS

Sir Harry Lauder amidst the rural surroundings of a Highland crofter's cottage. This great comedian has now returned from America, where he has been acclaimed with much enthusiasm. He will be fêted by Scots in London, and will open a new season at the Princes Theatre on Easter Monday

The Pure Air of Paris

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MÉS AMIS—

ONE does not want to make you cross with us, or to make you think that we have not enjoyed our excursion to London, but Marcel and I are really delighted to be back in Paris for the springtime. As you know, we have the passionate attachment to our lovely city, and the time of the year when she is better than her best is the springtime, surely. So you shall absolve us from to do the excuses for to have run away from London. We have had the anxiety to have the most late news of what has happened in our absence. It has appeared that this has been much.

BEFORE to come down to the things of the earth earthy, one has to start with the elevated topics. Has been a *savant* who has discovered the qualities to most flatter about the air of Paris. That is the stuff that bad dreams have hitherto been made of. One had told us that it was filled with all the sorts of the germ monsters which are a menace to the *santé robuste*. It has been the object of the much malignment, this soft air of Paris. The doctors and the hygienists have declared it to be filled with the *miasmes* of the marshes and the sins of the city. They have said it is not possible really to breathe in the capital, but that one must travel far to respirate the *bon air*. And so have we been forced on the Sundays to rush in the herds to Saint Cloud or up the Marne to fill the reservoirs with the *bon air*, that we be able to exist through the week in Paris until we have again the free day to take the fresh stocks in the accumulators.

OUT there, *au grand air*, we have flattered ourselves to have the much greater appetite and have consumed the vast quantities of *boire et manger*. Out there also we have contracted occasionally the miserable complaints like the bronchitis and the hay fevers, but we have put it down to our having been weakened by *l'air impur* of Paris. But now shall be no more of these illusions.

THE *savant* has dissipated all these *songes d'antan*. He has announced that the air of Paris is quite the good sort of air. It is an air which has an extraordinary resemblance to the air of La Beauce, and all the world is aware of the virtues of the breezes of Beauce. Vanished the *miasmes* of the marshes! And as for the sins of the city which have polluted the air of Paris—well, they are said to be just a little dust and petrol, which have as little harmful effect as the cabarets of Montmartre on the morals of the rest of the city.

AND it is just as has been discovered for us all this, that the municipal council makes the proposal to put a price upon the air of Paris. They have the idea to make the capital a *station de tourisme*. It is quite true they have the perfect truth upon their side when to declare that Paris is a *station de tourisme*. *Par exemple*, it could be called quite properly the principal *station de tourisme*. Is it not that to you, and to your cousins from across the *mare des harengs*, France means Paris? Most of the tourists make the capital their headquarters. Thus is Paris *bel et bien* a *station de tourisme*. But the point is, is it not better to preserve the silence about it?

"You must not breathe this air until I have collected your contribution"

IF Paris comes to be included in the list of tourist stations, then shall it become possible to impose a *taxe de séjour* upon the

THE PURE AIR OF PARIS (*concluded*)

visitors. Granted that it is the brilliant idea to persuade the visitor to pay our taxes, it is alone satisfactory if the visitor does not stop away. And one is very much afraid that he would. He will not like the principle of to have to pay for his presence as well as for his purchases. He will have the feeling there is waiting for him at the terminus a tax-collector with a pistol, declaring "You must not breathe this air until I have collected your contribution." And one is sure he will not like that, but will perhaps turn round and go back to his own country.

"Quand le printemps est dans sa force"

THUS the *taxe de séjour* is a danger tax, for if the tourists go away without to make the purchases then there shall be the need to pay a lot more taxes on the part of the citizens. There are the many opponents among the shopkeepers and perhaps the proposal shall not be carried to the realisation. It is perhaps as unsubstantial as have been the early calls of spring, which have terminated twice with such suddenness as to leave us with the physical chill as well as the chill of disappointment. One has longed for the time when could be sung with La Fontaine:

Quand le printemps est dans sa force,
Jeunes cœurs sont bien empêchés
A tenir leurs amours cachés. . . .

TWICE has it appeared to arrive, and the *jeunes cœurs* have been able to beat their full, their springtime ardour unenveloped in the overcoats. There has even been the outburst of the correspondence in the newspapers, which is a sign of the renewed vitality of the springtime. And then have come the spells of cold, and we have been thrown back into the depression. There has been the peculiar effect in this upon the correspondence.

A *demoiselle de printemps* has written to protest against the rude men who have presumed to smoke in a compartment that is not a *fumeur*. She has just sought to let off a little of the excess of the springtime vitality, and in her language she has been vigorous, in keeping with her springtime force. All could have been well if the weather had rested at springtime. Her robust remarks might have been met with the gallant compliments which could have led to the pleasant exchange of the courtesies. But before her letter has had time to appear the springtime has disappeared for a little holiday, and her complaint has been read in the winter atmosphere. So instead of the gracious *jeune homme correspondant*, who could have been so *charmant*, has appeared the grumpy elder of the winter mood. He has complained that the absence of *la politesse* is all the fault of the *dames*. They are so rude, has he asserted, that when a man has given up his seat they have either declined with a look of contempt or have pushed into it without to take the least notice of the gentleman who has conceded it.

AND the spokesman of the winter has introduced as much ice as possible by to state that it is always the most elegant of the *élégantes* who are the most unresponsive to the chivalry. The more furs she has on her back, and the more pearls on her throat, the more a woman feels compelled to show to the men a superb, disdainful indifference — he declares. One has the impression that the *demoiselle* is thus completely crushed, for Old Winter has called all the men to witness. She shall not dare to say that she is always polite, for fear to be suspected not to have the masses of furs on her back and the return of the springtime affections.

"Show to the men a superb indifference"

ROLAND

Buying a Spring Hat

One's wife thinks she must have a new hat

So she flies to Paris for one

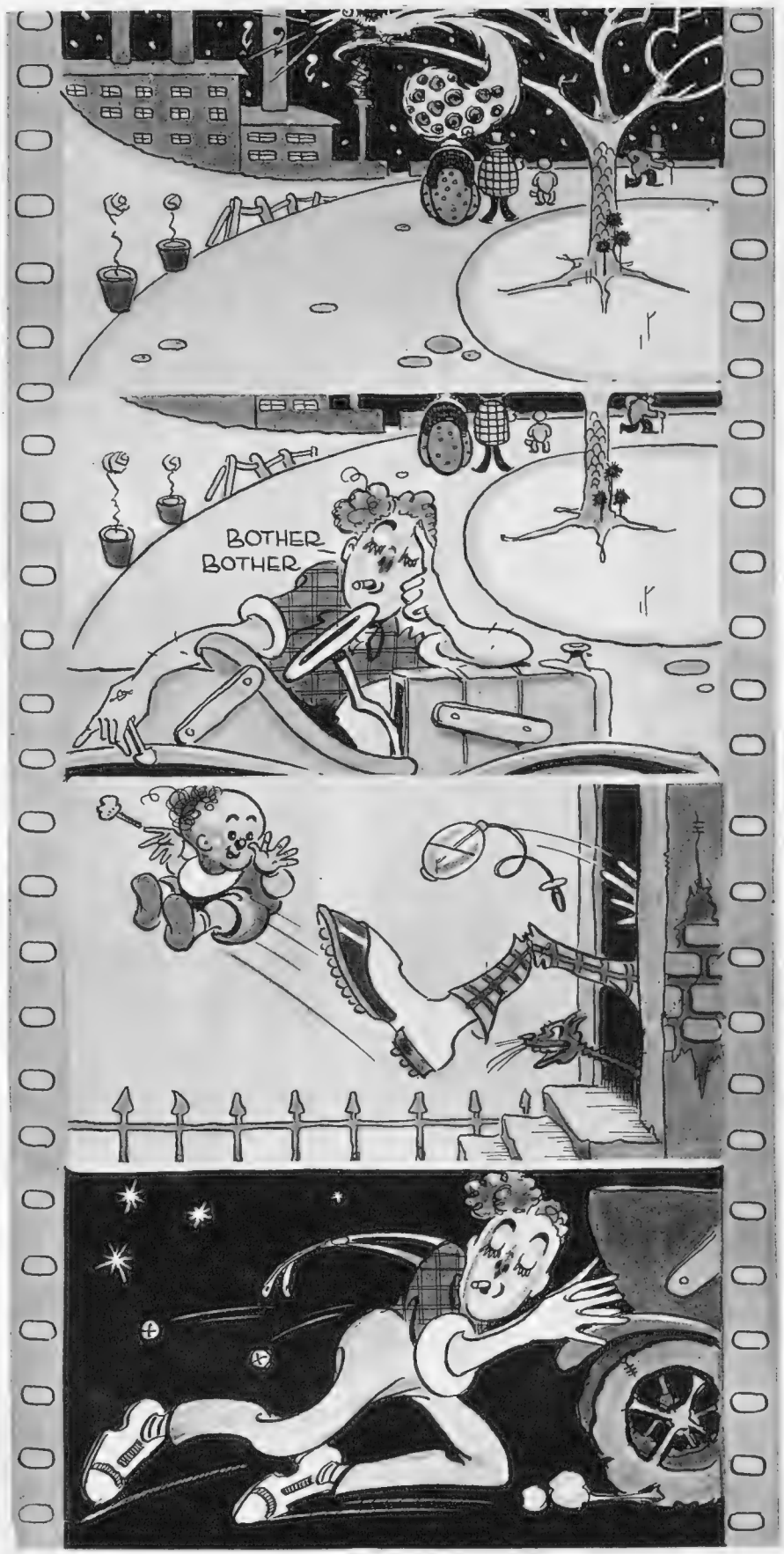
An interview in the Rue de la Paix needs some courage too

The new hat is a great success until one sees all the "very hats one wants" in the Bois

BY ELSA COURLANDER

The WANDERERS RETURN

BY MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT



IT was springtime in Little Muckheap. All over England it was spring, even in Wigan. High on a bough of spring greens sat a solitary peacock chanting its merry pæan of praise, for was it not springtime in old England? It was. It was snowing.

Along the highway, which ran from right to left, or left to right, according to which side you stood or sat on it, trudged a number of villagers, partly to give local colour to the scene, but more particularly because it was their way home. All, all of them passed on. There was no sense in stopping.

Yet wait—one, and one only, lingered behind. He was a handsome, red-headed young man, and he lay on the wet wing of a motor-car idly stirring the carburettor with a pipe-cleaner. After some half-hour's useless toil he rose and cursed bitterly.

"Attaboy!" he cried, passionately; "didn't I promise my old father, the Earl, when he so cruelly pushed me from his portcullis nineteen years ago, that I would return rich and in my own motor-car one Lent, and shame him for his nasty behaviour?"

Nobody answered him. Nobody could. They had all passed on.

"And now Flora has broken down again," he continued, petulently. "Curse her! I won't be put off like this year after year; she shall go!" And, suiting the action to the words, he flung open the door and kicked her in the self-starter. It fell off. Cursing again and again, the red-headed young man put his shoulder to the tonneau, and, without looking back once, "pushed off."

. . . . .

The old Earl of Blotto-Topside sat in his parlour checking his Post Office savings account. Opposite to him, knitting a jumper on a pair of skewers (for to such a state were they reduced), sat Sadie, his Countess.

"One-and-six!" cried the old Earl, desperately. "One-and-six! And the King coming for the week-end! Say, kiddo, we're all beat up for a cinch."

"Nix on the bust stuff," bravely replied Sadie, dropping a stitch and allowing a couple of others to go purlers, so great was her emotion.

Being a literal translation from the American super-film drama of English Society Life, "The Earlery Worm Gets the Bird"

"If there's no dough in the bake-house I can at least make up some reminiscences. Publishers are all for them."

"You've missed the boat," wailed the Earl. "The blame mortgage money is due to-morrow."

"Oh, hell," sobbed the Countess.

At that critical moment there came a few knocks on the door, and several butlers entered.

"Your prodigal son is without," they announced.

"Which one?" cried the Earl and Countess in unison.

"Perce," said the butlers

The old Earl's ancient features assumed a puzzled expression.

"Have we a son called that, kiddo?" he asked.

"Search me," replied the Countess, coyly. "Let's go and rubber him," and together they swept from the room.

But, alas, they were too late. So terrible had been the journey that when they reached the grounds they found that the red-headed young man had snuffed it. He was lying across the steering-wheel, while birds dropped leaves upon him from above. Foremost among them was one that sang a merry pæan of praise. It was that damn fool of a peacock.

Suddenly the Countess let forth a piercing shriek.

"This is not our son!" she cried. "I never had a red one. This is Bert, Earl Glucos' heir. He left his home nineteen years ago."

The old Earl started forward.

"Gee Wiz, you're right, kidlet," he answered. "He's not ours, now I come to think of it. We never had a son. The great boob's come to the wrong Earlery."

With an imperious gesture he summoned to him some butlers.

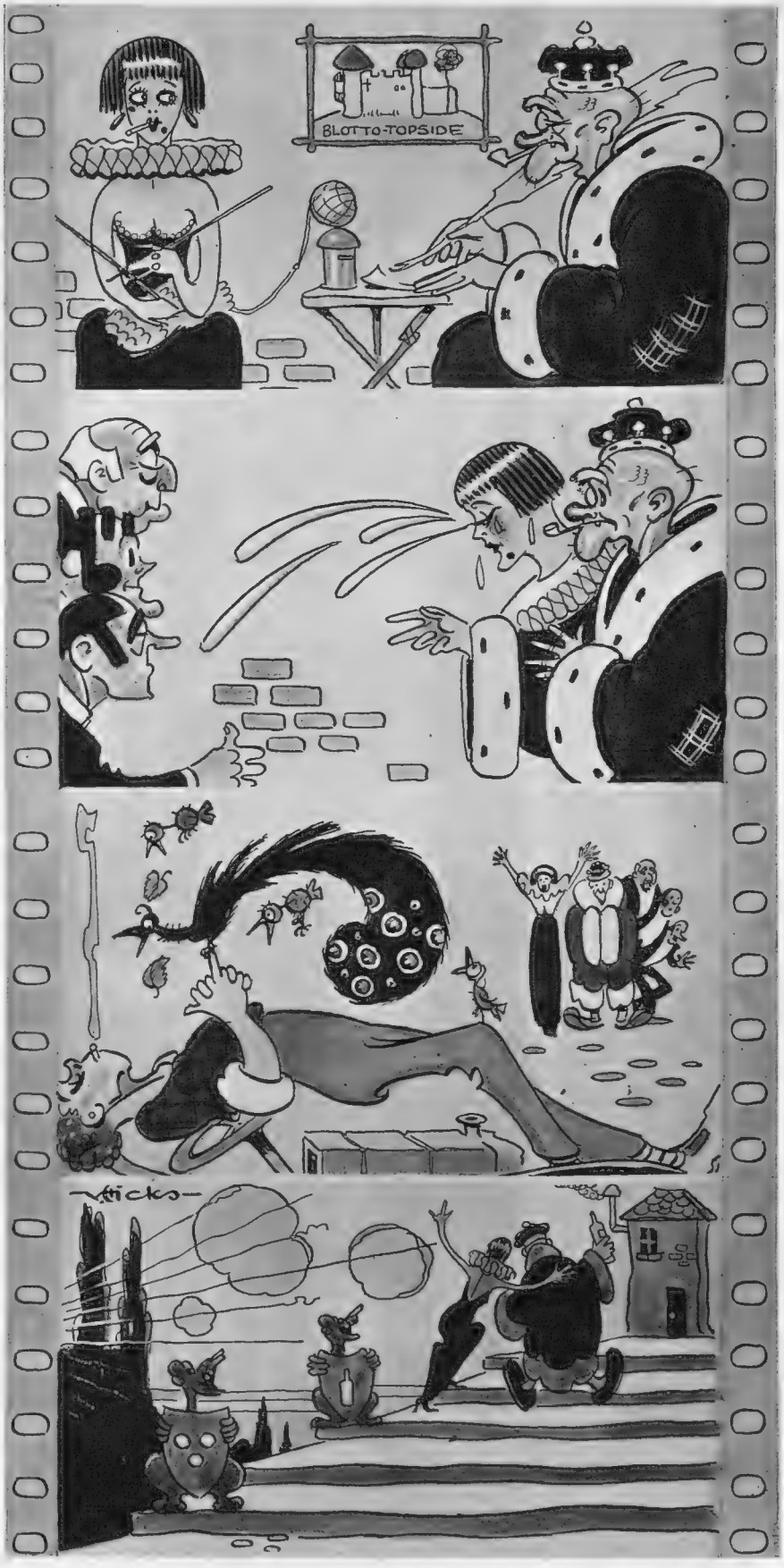
"Take this son to the Earl of Glucos with my compliments," he commanded.

"And, butlers!"

"My Lord."

"Pawn the Ford in the morning. We'll pay off that mortgage after all."

And with the glad cheers of their faithful retainers ringing in their ears, the Earl and Countess of Blotto-Topside toppled arm in arm up the steps and into their ancestral castle. Luck had come to them at last.



Sketches by Victor Hicks

THE GROUSER SILENCED

By A. A. THOMSON

I OUGHT to make my song of Spring
The usual cheerless sort of thing;
I ought to start with sly remarks
About the vocal powers of larks
That practise scales from morn till night
And interrupt me as I write.

It is my duty now to jeer
At signs of Spring as they appear,
And hymn such seasonable ills
As coughs and colds and croups and chills,
Or crack some venerable jests
On lambs and lambs' wool undervests.

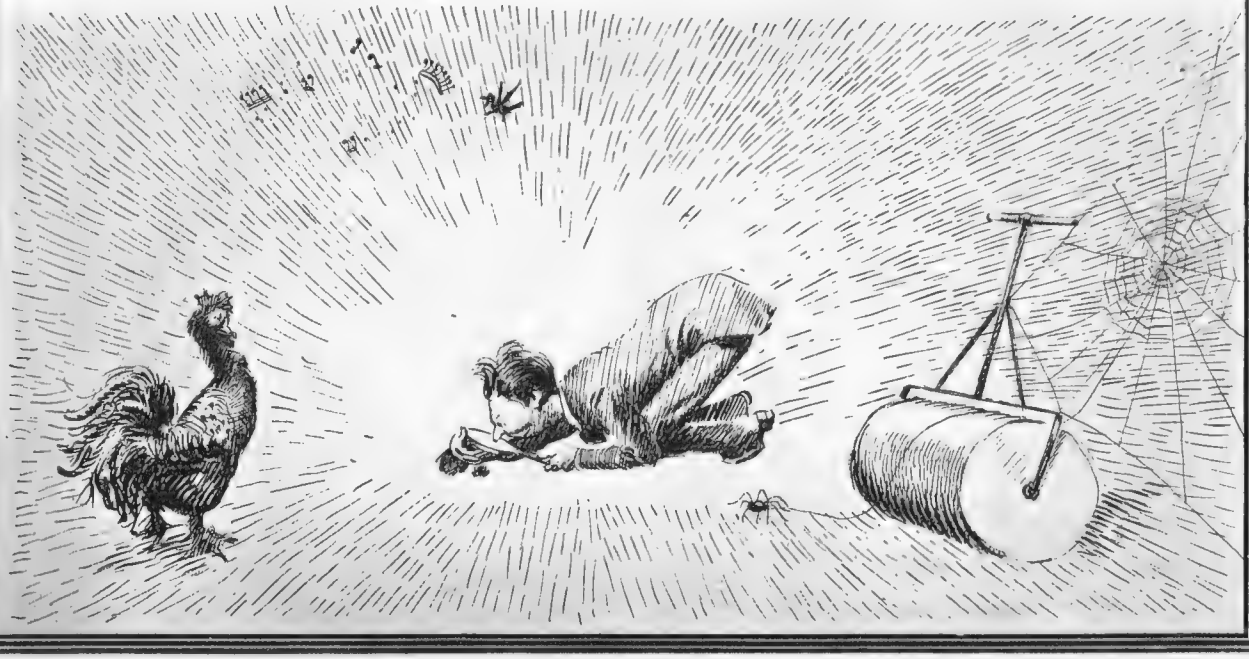
The burden of my song should be
Spring-cleaning's annual misery;
The tyranny of mop and broom
That fills my soul with dusty gloom;
The soap that's left upon the stairs
And trips my footsteps unawares.

I ought to scoff: "Spring's here again
With rate-collectors in its train."
"Spring's skies are blue," should be my plea,
"And so, alas! is Schedule D."
I should indignantly complain
About the lack (or glut) of rain.

I like to grumble, when I can,
As much as any other man;
I know exactly what's expected;
I know I ought to feel dejected,
But something happened yesterday
Which took my grousing powers away.

And so I raise my voice and sing:
"Hey, nonny no! Hey ding a ding!"
With such like idiotic phrases
I twang my poet's lyre like blazes,
Because I've found—my pride you'll pardon—
A full-blown crocus in my garden!

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK



"In the Spring An Old Buck's Fancy—

BY H. M. BATEMAN

—Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love"

Modes à la Mode

BY "PETITE MADAME"

A PRETTY MODEL

In tagal straw, burnt-almond shade, trimmed satin ribbon and quills at the side

Photograph by H. M. Talma

A BEAUTIFUL HAT

The crown of golden-brown straw, whilst the brim is of printed ninon

Model by Le Mounier *Photograph by H. M. Talma*

WHY are men in English books never supposed to be interested in women's frocks? The heroine is perfection to them whatever her garment; the uglier her gown the more pronounced her charm. The hero with the prominent chin does not distinguish the priceless Parisian creation from the village-dressmaker's bungled attempt at a body-covering. And the heroine is overjoyed at his simplicity. He loves her for herself. Poor fool! Later on, when she wants him to pay the bills, she realises the disaster. Seeing no difference except in price between the expensive model and the cheap, made-by-the-dozen article, why should she not have the latter? And the poor woman reaps the result of this blindness she has encouraged.

In France men are differently trained, not quite as successfully as one would wish, but more wisely than in England. Women ought to take matters in hand systematically.

Start now with the advent of spring. Take your husband to see the lambs gambolling on the lawn and the chickens jumping from their shells; show him the yellow primrose by the river brim, and then tell him you have not a rag to wear, and that you are the only sorrowful thing in joyful Nature.

When you have obtained the cheque, don't spend it immediately on one expensive item. The whole secret of a well-dressed woman rests on sound logic; that is why all great dressmakers have been men: Worth, Redfern, Poiret.

It has been said that the American woman is expressed in her garments. Take away the lady, and the clothes are admirable; that the Englishwoman is best expressed in herself, remove the clothes and the girl is adorable; but the Frenchwoman and her clothes are one—they are part of each other, one cannot separate them without disaster, the whole is perfection.

Therefore, come and be initiated to the newest fashion decrees of Paris.

Firstly, understand that black is going to be given a rest. Green, red and white are the coming fashionable colours. For street wear, grey and beige are especially in favour; what a nice, girlish appearance these puritanical half-tones will give to ladies of all ages! Remember, too, that as soon as colours will have come into favour, the High Lamas of fashion will compel us to wear black again; there is a perpetual jump from one extremity to the other as soon as novelties are copied by the big shops and become common property. Materials have not altered, the ubiquitous crepe de Chine and her stronger sister, crêpe Marocain, are still favourites, together with crepe Georgette, the most elusive and delicate of the three. A noted house in the Place Vendôme paints the latter by hand, evolving most exclusive and artistic effects.

The general silhouette has not much changed. Waists are rising very slightly, like half-cooked pastry. They are nearly where they ought to be, but not quite. There is more neatness about the figure, a less floppiness. To corset or not to corset? That is the question! . . . but don't . . . if you have—in spite of the corset makers' campaign—anything like a decent slimness. One must achieve a tidy effect without the stiffness given by a corset.

The first thing one orders in early spring is a walking-dress. Most delightful and tempting little coats have been created, reaching just below the hips, loosely belted and very youthful looking. Skirts are uninteresting, skimpy and comfortably short. If the coat does not attract you, there are some appealing little capes reaching to the hips, and which give a page-like and charming grace to the figure. By "page-like" is not intended a reference to the buttony kind special to hotels, but to the romantic, troubadour sort.

It is rather early yet to speak of dressy frocks. They have not yet made their appearance in public, and are only to be seen in the sacrosanct precincts of the big dressmakers, who show them to the initiated. It is difficult to foretell what styles will become popular. On the whole, the dresses do not differ much from those of last winter. They still hang in bits and points and wisps.

Hats also are not quite launched yet. The small spring straw models are of the usual expensive simplicity. One Parisian house has a tiny *cloche*, exquisitely trimmed with a costly wisp of crêpe wound round the crown, while another

butter from the dishes and the beauty from the dresses They are conspicuous and inharmonious, but they are fashionable. Some models are particularly striking, and when visiting the big dress-makers I saw an exquisite black crêpe dress, embroidered all over and with a jade-green blouse and belt, and a dark blue coat over an adorable canary-yellow waistcoat. At the most expensive, most exclusive, and most high-and-mighty house in Paris, was an ideal dress in white, embroidered with broken diamonds—a real fairy-tale gown. But as it costs the modest sum of 8,000 francs it is quite useless to describe it. There is no man on earth with a complete enough comprehension of dress to swallow that!

PETITE MADAME

A NAVY BLUE CREPE DE CHINE CREATION with georgette sleeves trimmed black and white fringe
Model by Francis
Photo by H. M. Talma

A HANDSOME EVENING GOWN in ivory charmeuse, the skirt veiled with black lace
Model by Aine-Montaillé
Photo by H. M. Talma

AN AFTERNOON GOWN in black crêpe romain, white crêpe de chine sleeves, trimmed handsome black and white embroidery
Model by Aine-Montaillé
Photo by H. M. Talma

has some small turned-up models trimmed on one side. There are many bright red hats which have already become common. Many trimmings consist of looped ribbon or a curved quill.

Sleeves continue to grow immense They acquire the proportions of curtains or lamp-shades and hang or swell according to the cut. They sweep everything before them, the

"THE SPRING! TH

(Yes, but perhaps it is still c

E SPRING IS HERE!"

ittle early for this sort of frock)

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

YOUTH . . . . AND SPRING

"Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again."

NEW SERIES

THE ERRANT GOLFER

No. 1 At Rye

By Dell Leigh

Illustrations by Oswald Cuningham.

THIS is not a golf club primarily. It is a Stronghold. A mullioned Castle, albeit of wood and corrugated iron, with a frowning portcullis of Vested Interests, which closes it against the vulgar golfing world. The golf itself, from its first to its last fateful tee, is superb. With a quiet, grave dignity, an aloofness, an atmosphere of pained, well-bred tolerance towards the nervous non-member.

You *must* play there, because gifted men have told you how they have taken their drivers on the fairway, and laid it dead. And the greens, "my dear chap, the *greens!*" and they have blown reminiscent kisses of ecstasy into the gloom of your club smoking-room.

You go there from the sombre, exclusive town, wherein charabancs are forbidden, in a little proprietory train. This train, whose engine is proud and of a high stomach, belongs obviously to the members, half a dozen of whom, all much older than you, are sitting gravely waiting for you in the only first-class carriage. Immediately you step haltingly in, the train moves sedately off in mute protest. You have done the wrong thing. You are seventeen seconds late. Six pairs of keen eyes in rather shrivelled faces look you over. A feeling steals over you that you are all wrong. Your golf-bag is much too new, and too large. That pleat in your coat should not be there. These shoes were not made in St. James's: they were bought off the peg at Bellfingers. Conversation is resumed in throaty tones. It appears to have reference chiefly to Hilary Law Sittings, interspersed with, "I remember, before I took silk. . . ."

The little train jolts goutily on over shingle and amazingly good turf. Sheep are dispersed here and there with high, disciplinary shrieks from the proud engine. The train is so small and its proprietors so large and portly that a shaft of ill-judged humour suddenly strikes you, and you chuckle. Conversation abruptly terminates, and twelve piercing eyes investigate your soul. Of course, you are entirely in the wrong again. Rye is not for the ribald. In the grave autumnal years one does not chuckle inanely at sheep—for it must have been at them, very foolish and vapid. "Who *is* this man?" The train draws up deferentially at a nameless Halt, and the Six Celestials move with becoming dignity, and no trace of haste, towards the club-house set upon a hill. You follow at a respectful distance, your clubs rattling unduly in the despised bag.

"You have brought a letter of introduction from a member? No? Oh—er—really."

The Secretary, an obvious leader of men, probably a retired Field-Marshal, stands over you. Kindness, tempered with the inflexible laws, is in his eyes. But you mustn't expect to wander haphazard like this into *his* club and be allowed. . . . Of course, he is perfectly right; you *feel* he is right.

"Have you any relation belonging?" This is a mere formula of speech, but the answer is obvious, he knows that. The ice thins a little, "or you may know a member very well to whom you could telephone?"

You scan the Members' List

"You mustn't expect to wander like this into *his* club"

nervously. It seems to be composed entirely of the Red Book and Debrett. You suddenly remember a long-forgotten warning of four fellows you knew who motored here from Ipswich, and went empty away. Your spirit is broken.

"I'm afraid in that case——" begins the voice of Destiny.

But an old gentleman, who looked like the Lord Chief Justice, and probably was, sitting close by, glanced over his *Morning Post* at this juncture, and made some sign which altered the voice of Destiny to:

"Well, as you only want to play a few holes alone I daresay it will be all right" . . . and you might have a caddie, if he wasn't wanted.

You come back, after eighteen holes with a dumb and dignified caddie, wrapt in wonderment and awe at the glories and subtleties of the golf, and of the fact that you have played below your handicap; and you seek lunch. It is conveyed to you respectfully by a well-trained servant that—well, there is quite a *good* inn by the caddie-master's shop; perhaps coffee afterwards, yes, but the members like—exactly. Of course, he is perfectly right, you can't butt in like this—not into another man's club for lunch; it isn't done. You ought to have thought of that. Very stupid of you.

After some cold beef in solitude at the inn, which sits abased at the foot of Things, you ascend to the heights for coffee, and, perchance, some port. They must have some very good port here.

Conversation ceases absolutely as you enter the smoking-room. And yet it is not a smoking-room. No. It is the Prefects' common room at

"Obviously sitting beneath their portraits"

school again; and with that old, cold, familiar feeling in the region of your solar plexus you seek the sanctuary of a straight-backed chair against the wall and whisper for coffee. "Which port will you take, sir?" "Oh—er—any old port." Dozens of eyes in deep chairs peer suddenly over newspapers. Of course, it is *all* old port here. What a *faux pas!* You fumble hastily for your nasty gold flakes.

There is a cold south-easter blowing in over the Dunes. But Prescriptive Right in five huge chairs hides the fire from mere earth-worms. Gentlemen wearing famous ties and with prematurely bald heads sip old brandy in a penetrating manner. The walls are lined with *Vanity Fair* cartoons of robed and be-wigged members, some of whom are obviously sitting beneath their portraits. There is a calm, judicial atmosphere overlying everything. Nobody tells how he did the twelfth in four. Such things are not mentioned. A mellow voice from a deep chair asks his neighbour if young So-and-So has eaten his dinners yet. And you suddenly remember this voice with a gulp of horror. It is Sumington, the K.C., who so relentlessly heckled you in the Marchmont Case. "Hostile and unsatisfactory witness" . . . "do you mean to tell *me*, sir, and do you expect the jury to *believe*. . . ."

You rise swiftly and leave the room.

"Next train, sir? Not till 4.10. To walk? Just under three miles. You've got clubs to take, 'ave you, sir? What, aren't you playin' agen, then—dear, that *is* a pity." D. L.

Next Week—

No. II of this Series:

"AT COOMBE HILL"

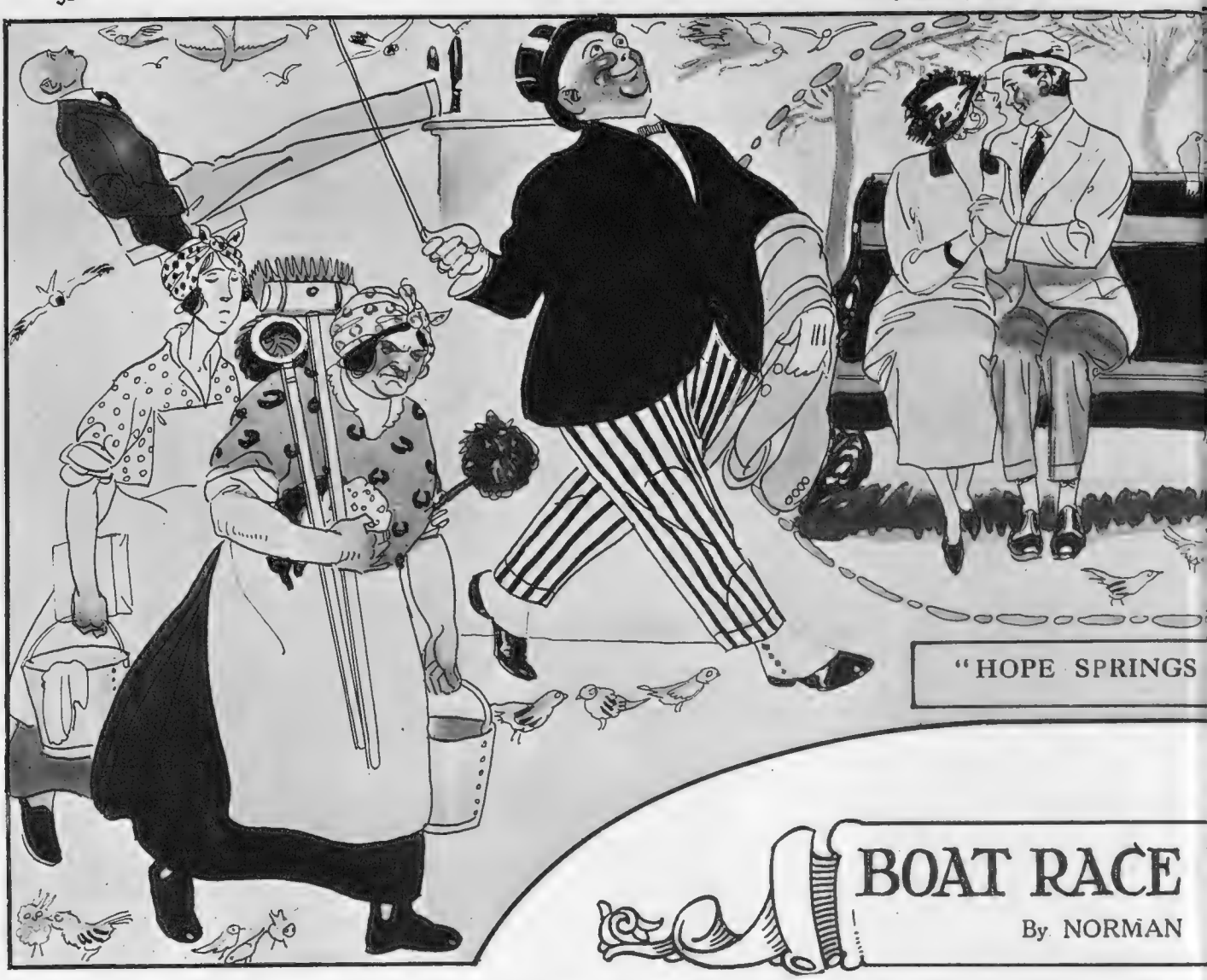
Photograph *Sport and General*

PUTTING ON THE 15th AT RYE

Spring Notes

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

IN THE MEADS WITH THE SHEPHERDS



BOAT RACE

By NORMAN

ALEXANDER GORE was in love. As his friends put it, quoting from deathless Paddy (The Next Best Thing), Cupid had played a dirty trick on him. For a whole term he had assiduously been attending all his lectures, to the entire neglect of his social duties, merely in order that he might sit and drink in the beauties of the young lady of his choice. At the 'Varsity no man has the right to fall in love—seriously. If that misfortune does by any chance happen he ought at least to fight against it, to keep it under, to pretend that he is still sane and normal. Alec did none of these things. He gloried in his condition. He went so far as to tell several of his friends that Love alone could make life worth living, and that he pitied them from the depths of his heart because their existences were so utterly empty and futile. It was with the utmost difficulty that they exacted a promise from him to turn up at the Boat Race and do his bit. They did not expect to derive much amusement from his company, but they wanted him to come because they knew that he did not want to. Friends are like that.

As it turned out he was quite glad to meet them on the morning of that fateful Saturday. He had been hanging round town for over a week already, sighing at the Thames from the Embankment, or gazing wanly at the daffodowndillies in Hyde Park. There was nothing else for him to do. His divinity was away in Scotland, and he was not due to make his first bow to her papa and her mamma and all the other relatives that were hers until she returned on Monday. Going to the Boat Race was as good a way of killing time as any other. Better, in fact. Excitement carried him away. He forgot all about the state of his heart. He cheered wildly when he beheld *his* crew nearing the winning post. He cheered more wildly still when he saw them pass it. And he lost his hat in the subsequent *mêlée*, securing another which was two sizes too large for him, and occasioned a good many remarks anent his religious tenets.

Dinner, of course. A good dinner, too, of a kind you cannot get legally in America now. Plenty of "eats" and plenty of—everything. More of the same at one or two houses of call on their way to the music-hall of their choice. Which this was, Alec has never been able to state from personal knowledge. He remembered that there seemed to be a good deal of noise going on, and he rather fancied that he once caught a distant glimpse of a stage with some people on it doing, or trying to do, something. What it was, or why they were bothering to do it, he could not say. His attention was engaged elsewhere. Pleasantly engaged, until suddenly he became aware that his friend Cummins had been reft from his side. Looking quickly round, he beheld him being escorted rapidly through the crowd by a large man in a lion-tamer's uniform. With all speed, though not,

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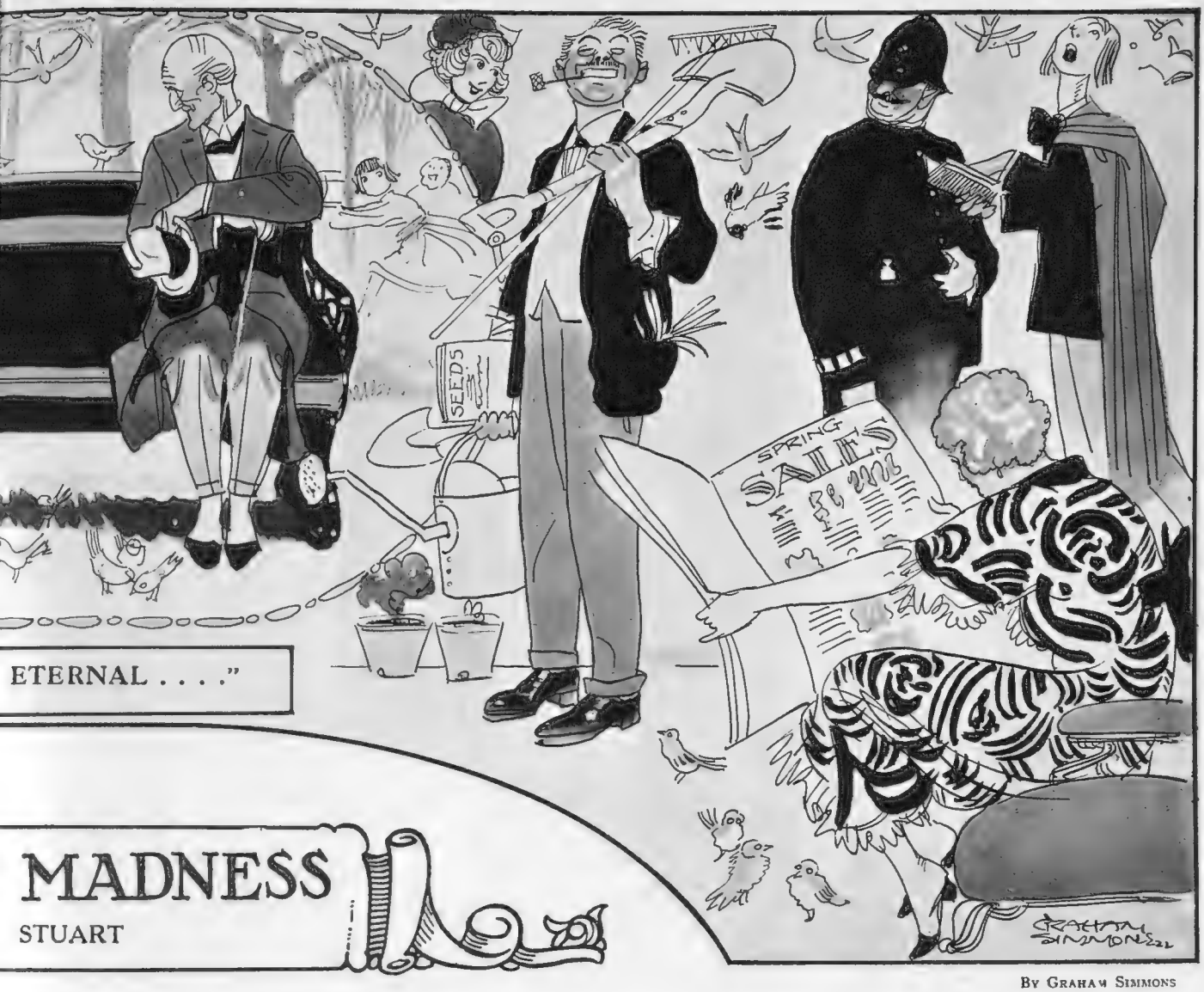


MADNESS

STUART

By Graham Simmons

I regret to say, with very great precision, Alec hastened to the rescue and hurled himself upon the common foe. But two lion-tamers rose up where there had been but one before, and in another second Alec found himself seated beside Cummins at the foot of some marble steps, with the cool wind of night fanning his brow.

There seemed to be a considerable portion of the population of London collected round about that spot, and cries and shrieks and sounds unholy filled the air. Having assisted his friend to rise, Alec dusted himself down in a slow and dignified manner, linked arms with Cummins, and walked away. Progress was difficult. From their left a mass of young men bore down, shouting “Oxford.” From their right a mass of young men bore down, shouting “Cambridge.” The masses met, and Alec was involved in one of the best bits of rough and tumble scrummaging that he had ever enjoyed. He secured a top-hat, but this gain was balanced by the loss of his cane. Five minutes later he was cast from the maelstrom of surging humanity into a side street, the faithful Cummins still miraculously by his side.

“Whew!” said Alec, or words to that effect.

“Come on!” said a Robert, very plainly and emphatically.

They went. It took two Roberts some time to persuade them, and a helmet rolled upon the pavement, but—they went.

“Name?” snapped the Inspector who sat at a high wooden desk.

“Gore.”

“Christian name?”

“Alexander.”

Cummins stepped forward and leaned over the desk.

“Kensington,” he murmured. “Not Alexander. My old friend, Kensington Gore. You know him. We all know him. One of the best.”

The inspector was in no joking mood. It was a busy night. A glance from him, and Cummins was moved swiftly three paces to the rear.

‘What’s the charge, constable?”

“Drunk and riotous, sir.”

“Drunk!” protested Alec. “I’m not drunk. Riotous, perhaps, but drunk. . . . No, no.”

“Hear, hear, Alec, old man,” said Cummins. “Hear, hear, Drunk, perhaps, but riotous. . . . No, no. Never.”

“Do you want to see a doctor?” demanded the Inspector.

“Certainly I do.”

“Dentist, too,” added the irrepressible Cummins. “I’ve got an awful headache.”

They sat on a wooden bench and waited. Upon the doctor’s arrival Alec got up with dignity and submitted in silence to his ministrations. He stared up into a bright light. Then he walked very straightly and stiffly down a long corridor and back to where the doctor was awaiting him.

“That’s all right, doc., isn’t it?” he said in a confident tone. “Not drunk, am I?”

"BOAT RACE MADNESS" (*concluded*)

"Drunk! You're very drunk."

A moment later he found himself in a cell. He peered through the little iron grille in the door, through which the police are wont to keep an eye on their guests, and through which those guests sometimes make known their views about the police and all the forces of law and order. He could see Cummins in the distance standing before the doctor. In another minute his friend was bearing unsteadily down the corridor in an effort to prove his sobriety.

"Cheerio!" shouted Alec, as he passed.

Cummins took no notice of him.

The doctor took very little notice of Cummins. All he said was, "You'll be all right. They'll put you in with your friend."

"Silly ass," said Cummins thickly on arriving inside the cell. "If you hadn't shouted 'cheerio' at me I should 'e'en now be breathing the pure air of heaven without the prison gate. But never mind. I'd rather be with you. I will never desert Mr. Micawber. Never."

So saying he cast himself upon the wooden bench along the wall of the cell, tucked the solitary pillow under his head and fell asleep. Alec followed his example as best he could on the section of the bench left to him.

At about five o'clock in the morning he awoke, cold and aching in every limb. A policeman stood before him and intimated that he would now be released. He awoke the reluctant Cummins, accepted the buff slip which was pressed into his hand by the Robert and tottered out into the open air.

"This," said Cummins, shivering, "is what is known as 'The morning after.' Sub-title, 'The hopeless dawn.' Whither away?"

"Hotel, I suppose."

But London has not yet realised her obligations to the livers of the life. At 5 a.m. London is the dreariest and most inhospitable city in the world. One might as well search for accommodation in the Sahara desert. Eventually the two wanderers were received by a Turkish bath establishment, and given couches to rest upon and large warm towels to wrap around themselves.

It was at about ten o'clock in the morning, after a Turkish bath, which made him feel woefully weak, and a breakfast which he could not eat, that Alec awoke to the realisation of the enormity of his offence. The thought of Ethel sent short, sharp, repeated stabs through his brain. In broken, halting words he endeavoured to tell Cummins exactly what sort of a worm he thought himself.

"Why bother?" argued that youth. "She won't know."

"That isn't the point. It doesn't matter whether she knows or not. The principle's just the same. I've proved myself totally unworthy of. . . ."

"What you want," interrupted Cummins, "is a prairie oyster. You'll feel a different man."

But Alec would not be tempted, nor would he be comforted. He left his friend and spent the day hovering about the many bridges which span the Thames, looking down longingly into the swirling waters. His longing was due not to thirst, but to thoughts of suicide. The very young take things very seriously.

He was still in the same condemned criminal state next morning when he appeared at the police station, and was shown into an ante-room where Cummins and a number of other young men were awaiting their turn to appear before the beak. His friend soon gave him up as hopeless, and began a conversation with a Robert, in which he sought enlightenment as to the offence committed by several beautiful young ladies whom he saw waiting in the corridor.

"Soliciting," he murmured. "That's funny. That's what I'm going to do when I go down."

The constable opined that it was not the same. "Come along, sir," he added. "You're next. You and Mr. Gore. Plead guilty, and you'll be all right."

They stood in the dock facing the magistrate. Alec hung his head, while a policeman droned out a highly coloured narrative of the events which had led to their arrest.

"Alexander Gore," sang out the clerk, in a voice that could be heard by all the grinning and whispering gapers at the back of the court. "You are charged with being drunk and riotous. Do you plead guilty or not guilty."

"Well," said Alec, desperately. "I may have been a little . . ."

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the magistrate, fixing him with a stern eye.

Alec subsided. "Guilty," he murmured, weakly.

"Guilty," said Cummins, like a man, in reply to the same question.

"Fined twenty shillings and the doctor's fee," a kindly policeman explained to Alec, who found himself outside the court again without knowing how he had got there. Cummins, looking extraordinarily bright and chirpy, was still by his side. They paid up and left the shameful place together, but soon Alec decided that he could no longer bear the exuberant light-heartedness of Cummins, who appeared to think that the whole thing was a gigantic rag. A little while ago, he reflected, he would have thought so himself. What an ennobling thing was love! Provided, of course, that one could live up to it. He would in future, by Jove. Never again would he do anything that would give Ethel pain if she knew of it.

Now that the whole business was over, buried and forgotten, he felt happier, and as the hour of dinner approached his thoughts turned more and more to the joy of beholding Ethel again.

She had never looked so beautiful, so pure, so unattainable. He was about to tell her so, when a young man drifted in.

"My brother, Mr. Gore," she said.

"How do you do," Alec murmured.

"By Jove," declared the other, grasping his hand warmly, "didn't I see you at Bow Street this morning?"

Alec went deathly pale.

"What was yours?" went on the mad young man. "Drunk and dis.?"

"N-no," stammered Alec. "Riotous."

He cast a frenzied glance at Ethel.

"How perfectly splendid," she declared. "I didn't know you had it in you, Mr. Gore." N. S.

BY WILMOT LUNT

?

A prize of Five Guineas is offered for the best title to this picture. *Full particulars on page ii*

Femina

SPRING COVERS AND CURTAINS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

I ALWAYS think that we do not make nearly enough change in our houses when spring comes. It is not sufficient simply to clean them. Rooms, like people, can change their winter dress for lighter and brighter things by having different curtains and covers for winter and summer, and all sitting-rooms are better for the change. Most people are content simply to have their curtains and covers cleaned and replaced. Only a few make a change between the two seasons.

YET this change really completes the freshness that comes in the house with the spring cleaning. It completes it mentally as well as physically. The sight of different covers and curtains, together with the good clean smell of the beeswax and turpentine—if there is anyone in these days who uses the old recipe of beeswax and turpentine, which feeds and polishes furniture better than all the patent mixtures—does inside the house what the sight and smell of green leaves and flowers do outside it. You do really feel then that the winter has gone.

I THINK that we should see more of this spring change if there were not still many people who will not use loose covers. They have a prejudice against them because they are "loose." It is a most unfortunate name, for it is so misleading.

IT is a question of material and, even more, of the way which covers are made. Choose a good heavy cretonne which, if you pull it, does not stretch. If it stretches it will never make a loose cover which will fit well. Then be sure that the covers are made by someone who understands how to cut them. Home-made covers, and covers made by "the little woman who comes in to sew," are nearly always *very* loose covers. But a properly made "loose cover" fits as well as a tight cover, and never creases. A better name would be "changeable" covers, for that is precisely what they are.

I WOULD certainly advise those who do not use loose covers to try them, so long as they get them really well made, and if they do, to have two different sets, a darker one for winter and a lighter one for summer. In both sets the pattern should cover the material well. A close "all-over" pattern looks better, and will not soil so quickly as a straggling pattern. It is a great mistake, and a very common mistake, to have the loose covers and the curtains of the same material and pattern. It is a mistake because furniture and curtains are seen in relation to quite different parts of the room. The curtains are seen against the walls, and the chairs and sofas against the floor. How you choose them, therefore, must depend on the colours and pattern of your wallpaper and carpet respectively. If, however, you have bright flowered cretonnes for the loose covers, then striped or plain curtains will probably be the best choice.

IF cretonne covers and curtains are not very dirty it is quite simple to clean them at home. They should be spread out flat, and wiped down with a clean flannel, and then rubbed with handfuls of grated breadcrumbs. The rubbing should be done evenly, and only from top to bottom—never across and never up and down. It is also important to change the breadcrumbs as soon as they get dirty. Another way, which is also good, is to rub them with hot bran and a flannel.

IN choosing summer curtains the chief thing to remember is the effect on them of the sunlight. It is possible to get materials in colours that do not fade, but, unfortunately, these are as a rule not of the best shades. I certainly think it is better to choose good colours even at the risk of their fading. It should also be remembered that it would not matter very much if the curtains faded, so long as they faded all over. It is possible to do a good deal to ensure this by changing them about every few weeks. If there are two windows in the room, then you can not only interchange the two curtains of each window, but also interchange each pair of curtains. In this way different parts of the curtains are exposed to the sun, and you prevent that noticeable mark of fading which so often spoils an otherwise good pair of curtains.

I AM certain that it is worth taking this trouble. There's nothing worse in a house than to see the spring sun shining in on dingy, uncleaned things. But the next worst sight is a room cleaned and with new covers and curtains, but with the blinds pulled down whenever the sun shines, for fear that the new things will fade. M. V.

"A SPRING HANDICAP" By Norman Keene

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE DANCE OF THE SCIMITAR

A vivid impression of Stowitts in his dance of the scimitar, which is a feature of the New Oxford's revue "Mayfair and Montmartre." It will be seen that in order not to hurt Mr. Cochran's (the producer's) feelings, we carefully refrain from any mention of the singing duck in the same sentence as the scimitar. It would be so cruel—*so* critical

SIGNS OF SPRING

BY HELEN McKIE

SPRING MADNESS

By

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Can't help having that mad Spring Feeling, somehow"

London, *April* 3

Dear Cousin—

Can't help having that mad Spring Feeling, somehow, can you, this time of year . . . even in the least spring-like and seasonable moments thereof? Of which we've had quite a fair dose this time—haven't we?—here in England lately—not to say some positively quite passable imitations of winter chill and drear, as ye ancient Chaucer or Spenser or someone put it.

But even when the rain pours pitilessly down, and our windows shiver and rattle in the April gusts, and we huddle ourselves hurriedly once more into our warmest furs. . . . Even then there's always, somehow, a sort of uplift, a "brooding exultation," as someone calls it, at the subconscious thought (to quote the psycho-analysis people) that we're going forward instead of backward, and that the world and things in general are growing, growing all the time.

And not Nature only, either, these joyous days, when—

. . . In green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

Everything seems to freshen up and start moving again, so to speak, with a disturbing, but all the same delightful, kind of spirit of unrest.

You can feel it and see it all around you, and sometimes really in the very oddest sort of ways you could ever dream of. Just this very moment, f'instance, received this on a postcard (unsigned) addressed to "Blanchette"—"GOOD LUCK. Copy this out and send it to nine people to whom you wish good luck. It was started by an American officer, and should go round the world three times. *Do not* break the chain or you will have bad luck. Do it within twenty-four hours, count nine, and you will have Great Good Fortune."

Well, if that isn't a bit of Spring Madness, I don't know what is. But not a bad sort of kind in its way—what? And I hasten herewith to obey the behest of the imperious Unknown and keep the pot boiling, so to speak, as per instructions. Only I'm afraid I've rather exceeded them, haven't I? I mean, am sending the message on here and now to lots and lots more than nine, or ninety, or ninety thousand, "people to whom I wish good luck." And—even if *they* forget to count nine and all the rest of it—here's wishing Great Good Fortune (and a touch of spring madness) to them all!

"Writing furious letters to 'The Times'"

The spring hat madness . . . yes, that's *rather* a fascinating form of disease, too. Positive epidemic of it around just now, and no respecter of persons either. Rages as furiously in Brixton as Bond Street, and ropes in its victims quite indiscriminate-like from Mayfair and Bayswater and the uttermost ends of Golder's Green. Odd thing *men* don't seem ever to get really infected with it—or even always sympathise with the sufferers, somehow. Though I *have* known (and seen) some rather sad and serious cases of spring-suiting-mania among the aforesaid sex of late—especially on race-courses and places where they bet.

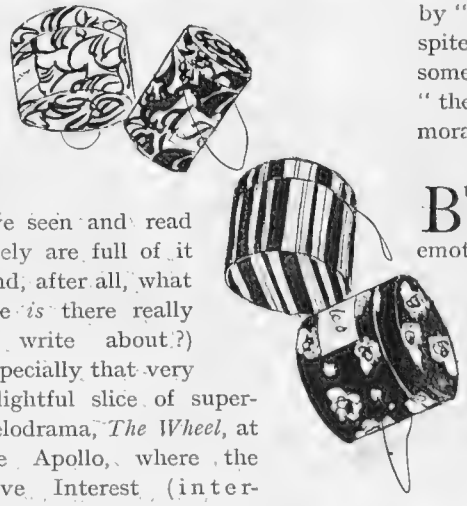
And not sure hats—not to mention frocks—aren't really, after all, much safer and more

"SPRING MADNESS" (*concluded*)

harmless (and in the end cheaper) signs and tokens, and outlets and safety-valves, so to speak, than some of the ways it takes our Lords and Coercers—the prevailing spring-madness, I mean, or spirit of Vernal Unrest. Have a way of letting *them*selves go—the important and elderly variety, anyway, who can't or won't work it off by games and things—in all sorts of crises and elections, and strikes and other rough and violent deeds, like beating their wives or writing furious letters to the *Times* about how the Empire's utterly doomed if we don't scrap all our battleships (or build at least a dozen more) this very next week as ever is.

卐

TALKING of spring madness, though, there's one sort I don't seem to have mentioned yet, though all the books and plays I've seen and read lately are full of it (and, after all, what else *is* there really to write about?) Especially that very delightful slice of super-melodrama, *The Wheel*, at the Apollo, where the Love Interest (interspersed with rifle-fire "off") is laid on thick and thrilling. And acted with proper spring fervour by Phyllis Neilson Terry and tall Philip Merivale, as the Colonel's wife and the gallant Captain, who ended by "doing the straight thing," spite of Indian climate and, as someone in the play remarks, "the effect of temperature on morals—the higher the fewer."



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BUT must confess—just shows on what little things even emotional moments hang—I simply *couldn't* properly appreciate the "big scene"—in the last act 'cos of the people round me in the stalls. In the row just in front was a very plain woman (do hope she'll read this) who kept turning round and whispering loudly and penetratingly to her almost as plain (female) companion. And in the row just behind, a horrible man who *would* explain all the plot to *his* friend as it went on; and prophesy what was going to happen next!

"Spring hat madness"

卐

WHAT *is* one to do at these terrible moments? I ask you. If, after screwing up your courage, you just say "Shush!" in a gentle and lady like manner, they take no notice. And if you tell 'em what you think of 'em in a loud voice, you only upset everybody else, including the poor actors on the stage. 'Snawful problem, what?

■

JUST off now to have my Elevenses—even a glass of milk and a biscuit tastes just like heavenly nectar and ambrosia, doesn't it, at an open window with the sun streaming in, and the lilacs and things budding hard, and the birds singing like mad, these mad spring days?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

PUBLICITY PERSONALITIES By STANLEY BAXTER

Some impressions at the recent Annual Dinner of the Publicity Club, of London, which was held at the Hotel Cecil. Most of the great advertising men were there, and in consequence some clever speeches were heard, not to mention much gay carolling and the intermittent roar of exploding champagne corks

Very "Wild" Flowers

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

LET'S HOPE THEY FADE BY THE AUTUMN

SPORT *of the* WEEK

AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA

By Phyllis Kermode

THE OXFORD CREW

Owing to an accident to G. H. Barter, who strained his back badly on Thursday last, J. E. Pedder, the spare man, had to row No. 4 in his place—

Photograph *James Stokley*

THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY TEAM

Four of whom will run in the Four Miles Relay race between the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Pennsylvania to be held at Queen's Club on Saturday next. It is believed that they will average between them 4 min. 25 sec. per mile. Brown, their Captain, has several times done 4 min. 20 sec. Left to right: J. Herr, S. Kerr, L. A. Brown (capt.), D. Head, E. McLane

Photograph *Sport and General*

TOUJOURS MANSERGH

In the Hockey match at Beckenham in which England beat France by 16 goals to 0. T. W. Mansergh, our centre forward, who is here seen breaking away, scored eight of the goals

Photograph *L.N.A.*

E. H. ARMITAGE

A young athlete of promise, who won the Junior Long Jump at the Eton College Sports, and was only beaten in the Junior High Jump by half an inch by R. J. Holland, who jumped 5 ft. ½ in. Five feet for a junior is "pretty hot"

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. SUTTON

Holder of the Amateur Foils Championship, which he retains. In the final pool at Bertrand's Academy last week he won after a tie with Major Stenson Cooke

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ELECT OF MIDDLESEX

Who defeated Oxfordshire in the Ladies' Inter-County Golf Championship at Hanger Hill on Wednesday last by 6 matches to 1. The losers' solitary success was gained by their last player, Miss L. Churchill

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW

—The disablement of Barter, of Oxford, occurring as it did only two days before the race, was as bad a bit of luck as a crew has ever had in the course of training

Concerning Cabarets

BY "BOW WINDOW"

On the extreme Eastern edge of the world, to wit, Shanghai, there is a cabaret—a very good one, too. In the Far West, in 'Frisco, there are cabarets; so, too, in New York, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. But in London, the largest city in the world, and the meeting place of all the nations of the world, there are none. At least, I should not quite say that—for the Midnight Follies still flourish at the Metropole, despite persistent efforts to extinguish them. However, I am afraid that to describe the Midnight Follies as a "cabaret" may be doing them ill-service. For if there is one word calculated to galvanise into activity every member of every society ever formed for spoiling pleasure and impeding trade it is "cabaret." The idea of people being able to watch an entertainment while they eat their supper and drink a glass of wine is—to the kill-joys—sufficiently alarming; but when a pretty lady actually walks down from the stage and starts to sing and play a violin all in and out among the audience—well, say the kill-joys, it is time something was done. And that something they proceed to do as methodically as possible, refusing to allow more than a certain number of performers, refusing to allow an extension of the licensing hours, refusing to allow everything and anything they can possibly think of on the principle of the mamma who said to the nurse, "If you see baby, tell him he mustn't."

It is all very silly, very childish, and, as I have already said, very bad for trade. For the fact remains that when people grow accustomed to a form of entertainment as a world-wide institution, they miss it when they come to a city where it is disallowed. *Moreover, they don't stay in the city, but go elsewhere where they are better amused.*

It may be of interest to explain what has been at the back of the authorities' attacks on enterprises of a "cabaret" nature. The whole ridiculous opposition springs from a belief, firmly implanted in the mind of every "kill-joy," that if people are allowed to sit at small tables and provided with a theatrical entertainment, it encourages them to drink. Why hearing, say, a charming lady sing a delightful song should make one want to drink, I can't think. But the "kill-joys" say it does.

"Look at the old music-halls," they say, "with the chairman and waiters always passing up and down with trays of brandy and water; we stamped them out, sinks of iniquity that they were; this movement to introduce cabaret life into London is every bit as bad."

My answer to this is that certain phases of London night life at the present moment are certainly *not* attributable to the "cabaret" spirit. For if you give people a bright, cheerful show and make them laugh and feel good they will never come to much harm; but if you hound them into ill-lit, ill-ventilated basements dignified by the name of night clubs—well, then, out of the gloom and the grime of it all there may spring more of the appalling tragedies we have recently read in the daily papers. However, I am convinced myself that before so very long the cabaret will come to stay as an institution in our life.

By the way, just one word more, prompted by a recent visit to London's only cabaret. At a table near me the other night there sat a plump and powerful looking lady and a small, pink-faced little man. It was the turn of Miss ——, a clever, talented young lady who is the very spirit of Paris. She sang her song walking slowly round the tables. In front of the stout lady and her husband she paused; perhaps something in the little man's eye appealed to her (she certainly cannot have seen the look in the eye of his spouse). Anyway, she suddenly stooped, picked a bonbon from hubby's plate, winked at him, and passed on. For a moment hubby's face was one huge grin of delight; an instant later his arm was gripped by his infuriated spouse and he was led from the room.

That is the wrong way to take a cabaret.

"THE ARTIST"

The Cubist Portrait on page 32, arranged in simpler form for the benefit of those misguided people who do not as yet understand the art of the Cubist

---

"If you don't care for the long sleeve," says a fashion writer, "you may pretend to have it on your frock." Many women, of course, go further, and pretend to have a frock!

* * *

"It always seems easier," says Mr. Abe Mitchell, the golfer, "to play the stroke into the wind." And it's a certain way of winning if it's your *opponent's* wind that you play into!

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 6.

NELSON'S STAIRWAY.
the "George," Portsmouth:—Very little remaining of its antiquity excepting Nelson's bedroom and the staircase which he descended before the Battle of Trafalgar.

Johnnie Walker: "Ah! England expects . . . ."

Shade of Nelson (interrupting): "that you, JOHNNIE WALKER, will go on paying duty."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Sob Stuff

WHAT a scream all this fuss about the Grand National really is! Questions in the House of Commons, letters to the papers, idle chatter here and there by people who have never seen the race, and comparisons of Aintree with the bull-rings of Madrid and Barcelona. I wonder what Mr. Topham, who looks after the fences at Liverpool, thinks of it all. I wouldn't mind wagering that he will not reduce the size of the fences one iota. Why should he? The so-called agitation comes not from owners, trainers, and jockeys. The last-named have to risk their necks at Aintree, but you don't find them kicking up a rumpus about the fences. Mark what Mr. Percy Whitaker, as game and as gallant at fifty-two as ever he was, has to remark. "I hope," he writes, "that as far as the course and fences are concerned they will always remain exactly as they have been in the past. The suggestion that the Grand National is cruel is ridiculous—the fences are undoubtedly big, but they are all jumpable to a good horse."

Cut It Out

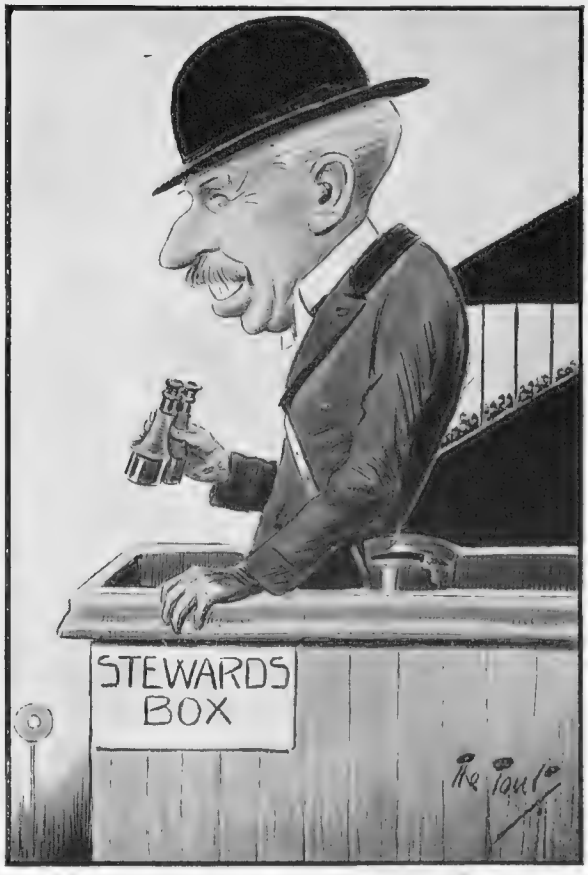
SO, please, cut out all this sob stuff, as they say on the films, about the cruel, cruel fences. So far as the jockeys are concerned they know they are likely to come to no more harm in the Grand National than in a hurdle race at Hurst Park, Plumpton, or any other course. There is a well-equipped hospital at the back of the stands at Liverpool, but no jockey troubled it after the National excepting for a bit of plaster here and there. "Ah, but what about the horses?" "Isn't that a case for the society that looks after these things?" You can imagine these questions coming hot from the lips of dear old ladies who have shuddered at the descriptions of the Grand National. Take it from me, ladies, that the horses encounter no worse risks than the amiable steed who draws your four-wheeled cab to and from the station.

Which Would He Choose?

IN fact, if the National horse were given his choice between jumping at Aintree and trotting about on asphalted or tarred roads I think he would accept the former as being less dangerous. True, a couple of horses did run their last race in the National, but you can't help accidents which might occur in the hunting-field or in any other race but this one. No, I am sure that if we want to maintain the Grand National as the premier steeplechase (and I know that all sportsmen would wish that) we must not start tampering with the fences. Other ways must be found for giving the horses a fair chance of getting round.

A Good Suggestion

IT is clear, to start with, that the runners are too numerous. Such a crowded field makes a lottery of the race. It is difficult to know where to draw the line. If you had eliminated horses handicapped on the lowest mark this year you would have left out Drifter, who came very near to winning. But, as Mr. Whitaker points out, nobody wants the Grand National to be won by a very moderate horse receiving lumps of weight from a good one. I consider this trainer-jockey's suggestion for solving the problem is excellent. He says that a Junior National should be established for horses handicapped below 10 st. 7 lb. A good idea, especially as it would prevent (which Mr. Whitaker does not mention) a lot of bottling up of horses with the object of getting them in with a trivial weight.



By "THE TOUT"

MR. W. MURLAND

A cartoon of the well-known and popular steward, who officiates at many of our South Country meetings

Spring Racing

WE have made a very satisfactory beginning with flat-racing, and what we have seen of the three-year-olds so far, including such winners as Sanhedrim, Norseman, Henry of Richmond, Architect, and Catspaw, seems to suggest that we have no end of good ones among the maidens. Many of them could not go on the hard ground last year, and are only just revealing their smartness.

At Newmarket

THIS week we open the Newmarket season with the Craven meeting, always a very quiet affair, but not the less interesting on that account to the genuine lover of good racing. The Column Produce Stakes and Craven Stakes may give us valuable pointers for the Derby. **Pondoland** should win the former, while I expect to see **Tamar** run well for the Craven. I like the chance of **Varzy** in the Doveridge Handicap at Derby later in the week.

Eventually— why not NOW?

It is significant that in these dignified publications the only Turf Accountants' Advertisements appearing are "Duggie's"—this in itself eloquently stamps him with the Hall Mark of Integrity.

"**TATTENHAM," of "Sunday Express,**" **recommends Douglas Stuart** as a reputable firm, and advises his readers to do their business with that firm.

"**Sporting Life,**" on Jan. 27, 1922, said:
"Not once have we had a single justifiable complaint against Mr. Douglas Stuart."

"**Pall Mall Gazette**" said:
"His name stands for all that is best in the Racing World."

"**Sporting Times**" said:
"Duggie NEVER Owes."

"**The Tatler**" said:
"In looking for the right sort of Turf Accountant I should select Douglas Stuart."

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For the foundation, of course, fresh, tender, crisp young lettuce ; then perhaps a little mustard and cress ; a few wafer-thin slices of juicy tomato ; fresh cucumber ; half-a-dozen tender spring onions. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. And then, just before serving, to blend the flavours into a charming, harmonious whole, pour over a few spoonfuls of GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM. Ah-h, then you *have* a salad—something to make you glad and happy and full of the joy of life.

FOR health, for the blood, for that roses-and-cream complexion, see that you and your family have salad every day. But always—*always*—if you want it to be what a salad should, have it with GOODALL'S Salad Cream.

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad

OF course, you *can* have salad without Goodall's Salad Cream (just as you can have an egg without salt, or cold meat without Yorkshire Relish) but then you'll have your salad only half as good as it might be. Our ingredients — purest Olive Oil, finest vinegar, a suggestion of subtle flavours, fresh country eggs — are blended and emulsified to a perfection that no home cook could hope to equal.

TRY a bottle of Goodall's Salad Cream, find out for yourself how wonderful it is, get the opinion upon it of the greatest salad lover you know—and you will never afterwards be content with another kind. The best grocers and stores in your town have it. Ask them, and do not, if you want your salads to be *right*, be put off with any substitute. There is *no* salad Cream like GOODALL'S.

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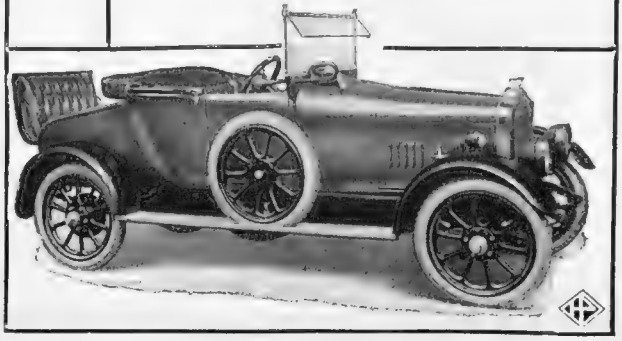

LOYALTIES AND SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? AT ST. MARTIN'S

By "JINGLE."

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS seems to me to be a kind of inverted melodrama in which you heartily dislike the hero and have quite a kindly feeling for the villain. It is said to be a peculiarly English trait that when a policeman is chasing a thief we conscientiously strive to give the Law all the assistance in our power, but we cannot help a chuckle of satisfaction on hearing that the rascal has made good his escape. Such a state of affairs is very deplorable, of course, but we have of late been deluged with such a dismal plethora of piety and priggishness that the occasional reappearance of the Old Adam in our midst is a welcome change. And, after all, in this play respectability is satisfied at last by the untimely ebb of the offender, thus pointing the very proper moral that they who sow the wind must expect sooner or later to feel the draught.

THE play opens at Meldon Court, near Newmarket, which, from its high-sounding name, I judge to be what the agents call a "noble" residence, occupied by people of substantial means. That is why it seems a pity that there should have been such an unseemly squabble about a few hundred pounds. Mr. Charles Winsor and Lady Adela, his wife, have been entertaining their house-party, and as the curtain rises we see them preparing for bed. Mr. Winsor begins by removing his coat and shoes. Then he takes off his waistcoat, collar and tie. After that he unfastens his braces and throws them back over his shoulders. At this stage of the proceedings I found myself casting anxious glances at the "Exit" door, as I should hate to be mixed up in anything of that sort. Fortunately, however, before the disrobing process has a chance to go further Mr. Ferdinand de Levis, one of the guests, knocks at the door, and enters in response to the usual invitation. Mr. de Levis is a very wealthy young Jew, with eager social aspirations. He is sorry to bother his host at this late hour, but the sad truth is that while he was having a final splash in the bathroom just now, somebody sneaked into his bedroom and stole the best part of a thousand pounds in bank-notes which Mr. de Levis had hidden for safety under his pillow.

MR. WINSOR and Lady Adela, his wife, are naturally much shocked at the news. The only thing they can think of is to send for the police. I suppose this is the way the matter would have been handled in real life; but I am quite without experience in these matters. I have never been robbed of a thousand pounds, for rather acutely obvious reasons; but I think if I were a "very rich man" and such a painful little accident had happened to me while I was a guest in a friend's house, I should just have sobbed myself to sleep, and taken a tender, but somewhat abrupt, leave of my host and hostess in the morning, shaking the dust of the place from my shoes rather emphatically as I went. But Mr. de Levis is a Jew, and there is a legend that people of his race part with the greatest reluctance from anything in the shape of ready money. This craving for full restitution is, indeed, the burden of his repeated and almost tearful protest. He is not keen on having anyone prosecuted or anything of that kind. He just wants to get his banknotes back and let the trouble go at that.

THE police come to the house and cut the usual ridiculous figure assigned to limbs of the Law in dramatic productions. Then Mr. de Levis tells us how he came to have so much money on him. It seems that Captain Ronald Dancy, D.S.O., another guest of the house, owned a racehorse that he could not afford to keep properly. So he presented the animal to Mr. de Levis, who was better able to provide for it. Instead, de Levis sold the horse at a race-meeting for the best part of a thousand pounds. Just why Captain Dancy did not sell the horse himself and profit personally by the deal, especially as he is very hard up, we are not told. I suppose the idea is that it is because Mr. de Levis is a Jew that he cannot take in a sportsmanlike way the loss of the money he got for nothing. The trouble becomes very acute when Mr. de Levis, on the strength of his own observation and inferences, declares that Captain Dancy is the man who stole the money. Mr. Winsor, and Lady Adela, his wife, and one or two of the more substantial of their guests, are shocked at the bare idea; but, unfortunately, evidence accumulates against the accused. Captain Dancy has a distinguished military record, and all his soldier friends express their determination to stand by him as a matter of loyalty. But nobody seems eager to get out his cheque-book and repay Mr. de Levis as the quickest way out of the impending scandal. Indeed, the Gentiles seem quite as reluctant as their Jewish friend to lose financially in this sad affair.

MEGGIE ALBANESI AND ERIC MATURIN

MR. DE LEVIS, convinced of the justice of his cause, then goes to the length of publishing his accusations against Captain Dancy, so that a lawsuit for defamation of character becomes inevitable. Although we have no doubt by this time that Dancy is really the villain of the piece, we notice with a certain amount of pleasure that as the legal action proceeds his prospects of winning it become increasingly favourable. After all, nobody saw him steal the money, and the notes, although the numbers have been widely advertised, have not been traced. But at the eleventh hour a wholesale grocer turns up with one of the notes called for. It was given to him in payment of goods by an Italian restaurant keeper who admits that he got the note from Dancy on account of his daughter. According to the Italian gentleman, the payment was made in discharge of a "debt of honour." It is a nice question, but as there seems to have been no promise to marry, opinions may well differ rather acutely about it. The part of the grocer is played most delightfully by Mr. Ben Field, who introduces the first bit of real humour into this somewhat sordid story. Another finely played part is that of the Italian, represented by Mr. Griffith Humphreys. Mr. Eric Maturin plays the part of Captain Dancy with a simple manliness that makes us feel sorry for him in every way; while Mr. Ernest Milton as de Levis is almost uncannily perfect.

THE success of *Loyalties* is already assured. It is followed by the "first act" of Sir James Barrie's whimsical play, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* In this Mr. Leslie Faber creates a part that would appear to be destined to live. He is the genial host who has invited to his house for a week a number of ladies and gentlemen whom he entertains with royal lavishness. One evening at dinner he explains in a mild, but very precise way, why he has invited them there. He suspects two of them of having poisoned his brother a year or so ago at Monte Carlo. His manner of producing fresh bits of evidence that incriminate anybody in general, but nobody in particular, is highly diverting, and the entertainment, as far as it goes, is enjoyable to a degree. The programme at the St. Martin's Theatre just now is a very attractive one.

MARDA VANNE — LESLIE FABER AND ELIZABETH POLLOCK IN "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

JINGLE

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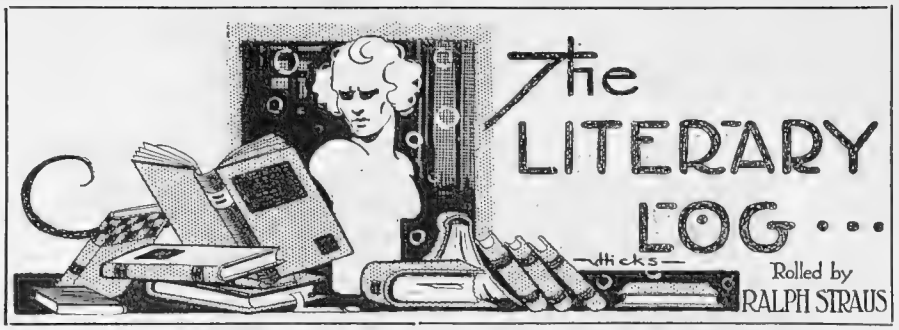
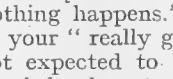
SPRING FORECASTS

BY H. H. HARRIS



You are always hearing that once an author "has struck his note," his readers expect him to continue striking that note for the term of his natural life. Ingenious best-sellers, who manage to invent a new method of murdering people for each new book, must not write a sex-problem novel "in which nothing happens." In the same way your "really good" novelist is not expected to break away from his lofty haunts—that doesn't sound right, but you will know what I mean—and write a sensational melodrama. And yet, in all probability, he is capable of beating the melodramatist at his own game; certainly he is, if he can get over that difficult question of sincerity. Eden Phillpotts, for instance, has tried the experiment on more than one occasion, with considerable success. And now we have that admirable writer, J. C. Snaith, doing the same thing.



Well, *The Council of Seven* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a stunt, but it is a good stunt, a readable stunt, which keeps you pleasantly thrilled throughout, as much because of the actual story as because its author is Mr. Snaith. How will he treat of this mysterious society which sets out to "remove" such public men as seem likely to get too much power into their hands? When the victim chosen is Saul Hartz, the millionaire newspaper proprietor, who uses his papers to make or break politicians, you will find yourself in doubt about which is to triumph. The society is powerful, but so is Mr. Hartz. He *is* undesirable, as his employée, Helen Sholto, is forced to admit, but he has his good points. The big thrill comes when a Cabinet Minister, who belongs to the Council, is called on to kill him. Unsnaithian? Of course it is, but the book will entertain you, and I would be the last person to give the show away by daring even to hint at what happens.

It must be some years since Alice Herbert published a novel. Those who are familiar with her work, and others besides, will welcome her new book, *Heaven and Charing Cross* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is mightily interesting throughout, and yet it must be admitted that, considered technically, there is a glaring fault. The book opens with a domestic upheaval, but the domestic upheaval has little enough to do with the story of young Martin Burke and Miss Shelley Brown which occupies most of the pages that follow. And I am by no means convinced that their story necessitates the intermittent intrusions of a narrator. The story of Martin and Shelley, however, is most splendidly told, and you will find yourself marvelling that Mrs. Herbert can get down so neatly on to paper those difficult thoughts about religion and life at which most of us so often shy. They are gorgeous young creatures, these two, who set out after marriage to do good amongst the poor. Mrs. Herbert is far too wise to make banal mistakes about them, and you learn soon enough the real reason for the curious title she has chosen. Life, that is to say, is a medley, and it makes the most contrary demands—on Martins and Shelleys and everyone else. The dialogue is very good, and the minor characters — particularly an ex-Bishop—are most carefully sketched in. You will enjoy this thoughtful novel, even if you are worried by its eccentric beginning.

A CLEVER AUTHOR

Mr. Reginald Arkell, a regular contributor to "The Bystander," whose book, "Columbine" (published by Sidgwick and Jackson), which had a great sale in America, has been produced as a fantasy in the new series of Grand Guignol plays at the Little Theatre

What a pleasure it is to come across a writer of courage, willing to say what he thinks, and with a pen at his disposal powerful enough for the purpose! Mr. James Agate wrote a War-book which went very cheerfully off the track. Now, in another collection of papers called, fittingly enough, *Alarums and Excursions* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), you find him gaily prancing along various paths —some most unexpected—always proudly, and always with results which can only follow from the expression of a mind well sure of itself. Naturally, there is much of the theatre, but there is also an unforgettable paper on Hackney stallions, and another on prize-fights. Mr. Agate deplores the decay into which criticism has fallen, and pokes fun at the absurdities which pass to-day for that moribund art. He lashes out at our modern stunts, and I doubt not that his readers will obtain as much enjoyment from reading these papers as their author must assuredly have derived from their production.

R. S.

MR. CRAWFORD PRICE

Who is going to the Genoa Conference as Special Correspondent to the "Sunday Times," in which capacity he served at the Versailles Conference. Originally correspondent to the "Times" at Athens, he went through the Serbian War with the Serbian Army

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enable them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

By C. E. B. Bernard

PORTER: "Carry your bag, sir?"

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

ECONOMY AND RUBBISH

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE one imperative principle we must all adopt to-day is economy; and we must adopt it politically, commercially, and individually.

The hard-hit, over-taxed public anxiously seeks the few loop-holes of relief from the war-inflated prices of the necessaries of life. Yet never, in the history of this country, has so much shoddy rubbish been foisted on the people.

The price of men's clothes is one of the vital problems. The minimum price for a lounge suit by Pope & Bradley is nine guineas (or 50 per cent. above the pre-war price for this quality), and it is utterly impossible to produce a properly made, well-tailored suit of first quality material under this figure. The net profit made by this House on these nine-guinea suits is the bare margin of a few shillings. Labour in the West End is up 100 per cent.; and materials, linings, silks, etc., are now up considerably over double pre-war cost. It requires no mathematical genius to appreciate these figures. To yield a fair profit these nine-guinea suits should be charged at twelve guineas, which is the price charged elsewhere, and unless costs are reduced before long the price will have to be increased, for there is one policy on which this House is determined—*it will not reduce quality and jeopardise the reputation it holds.*

There are thousands of men to-day wearing lounge suits made by Pope & Bradley before 1914. *A really well-made suit is an economical investment. The material does not wear out, and it always keeps its shape.*

The costs of production have been studied to a fraction, and when suits are offered to the public at prices under those quoted here, *it merely means that second-quality materials are used and slung together by second-class workmen.*

The commercial fly in the ointment is that Pope & Bradley's productions last too long. They can be dated and appreciated like the good vintages of champagne. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE TEST OF TIME

THE FIRST COST OF AN ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION SHOULD BE THE LAST COST.

This result is obtained with the D. & G. system and their highly trained Staff of Electricians.

Deferred terms of payment can be arranged if desired

COPY OF LETTER FROM LT. COL. KEMMIS "BALLINACOR" RATHBRUM Co. WICKLOW.

6.1.22

Gentlemen,

.....the Electric Light Installation, bells & hydrants at Ballinacor which have now been going 20 years, the light has never let me down during the whole of that period, which speaks for itself. The bells & hydrants have been just as satisfactory. This state of efficiency has only been attained by excellent work in the first instance supplemented by periodical inspections. I should like to put on record that as far as the financial part of the business goes I have always been met & treated in a most gentlemanlike way.

Yours faithfully
W.H.O. Kemmis Lt Col.

Copy of our treatise, "Light and Power," sent Free.

DRAKE & GORHAM LTD.

ENGINEERS DEPT.
36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W. 1
29, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
68, GORDON ST., GLASGOW.
63, VICTORIA ST., BELFAST.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Oldest Distillers in the World 1627

Should not be confused with that of any other firm of the name of Haig.

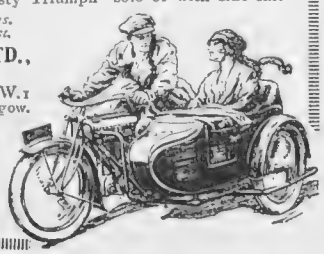
TRIUMPH

BUSINESS trips can be made easily, economically and comfortably by using a TRUSTY TRIUMPH. The possession of this famous motor cycle leaves one quite independent of time-table-travel—no delays—no waiting for connections—outlying districts reached easily and quickly—more calls per day than by any other means and—You may always depend on obtaining perfect service from the Trusty Triumph—solo or with side-car.

Cash or Liberal Monthly Terms. Catalogues sent free on request.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow.



Famous the world over for their all round excellence **TRIUMPH CYCLES** make an irresistible appeal to the discriminating cyclist.

A Técla Pearl Necklace for Easter

MAY we presume to suggest that you do something more handsome for Her this Easter than the inevitable flowers?

A Técla Pearl Necklace will lend to your sentiments that enduring quality which a few pale blossoms are incompetent to express.

That is to say, a necklace of Técla Pearls will be just as exquisitely beautiful in 1932 as in this year of grace.

And still more important to you, and infinitely more important to Her, is their incontestable resemblance to real pearls.

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, London

40 Rue de la Paix, Paris

16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice 398 Fifth Avenue, New York

MOTOR NOTES

OUTSIDE THE ALL-INDIA VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT CALCUTTA
A Rolls-Royce passing the Victoria Memorial which the Prince of Wales opened during his Indian tour

Now Mr. Percy Richardson has officially announced he has become managing director of the G.W.K. motor-car firm there is every hope that friction-drive success will come back to the excellence of the pre-War G.W.K. In those days it was one of the best of the small cars, economical to run, though its first cost at that time appeared rather high. But, then, you cannot get a good article for nothing, and first-class material and workmanship have to be paid for. Mr. Richardson is one of the old-timers in motoring, as since 1897 he has been a prominent man in the industry. Daimlers, Wilson-Pilcher, Armstrong, and Sheffield-Simplex concerns have all utilised his knowledge in turn, while he may be said to have introduced the petrol-electric car, now called the Crown Magnetic, first to England, as he bought one in America and ran it as his own bus for a long time before that organisation started to do business this side of the water. Another prominent man in the industry, Mr. A. E. Gelder, has resigned the managing directorship of F.N. cars in England. He leaves, with great regret, that Belgian big armament firm after ten years' successful work. At the same time, while everybody regrets parting from old associations, it is understandable that at present British motorists have so good and wide a field of British cars to pick from that imported cars, with the 33 1-3 per cent. duty to add to their selling price, find it difficult to compete against the home-produced article. Consequently, I can quite understand that the scope for activities is much restricted, and, naturally, changes are bound to be made.

* * *

We are, it seems, about to make motor-car racing a business, following the lines of horse-racing, as the Brooklands Automobile Club intend to hold a long-distance race for two-litre capacity cars on Saturday, September 30, over 500 miles. Five prizes of £750, £300, £200, £150, and £100 will be gained by the first five cars respectively, a total of £1,500. When the *Daily Telegraph* resuscitated the Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man in June, 1914, they gave £1,000 to the winner, besides other cash prizes. I wonder if the Sunbeam factory will repeat its performance and win this event, as it won the *D.T.'s* £1,000, and so capture the first two money prizes offered so far for motor-car races? At any rate, Brooklands is making an attempt to attract the Continental racing cars to come over here, and I hope their efforts will be duly rewarded. Also, perhaps

(Continued on page 60)

The Polish that keeps your shoes like new

BE sure you specify "Nugget" every time you order boot polish. "Nugget" gives a brilliant, *lasting* shine in a moment, and it keeps the leather soft and pliable. It gives your boots the appearance of newness with the comfort of age.

In easy-to-open tins, 4d. and 6d.

"Nugget" is made in the following colours:—
Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also White — for Patent Leather.

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH
No. 818. C. F. H.

Rheumatism banished

by always drinking

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

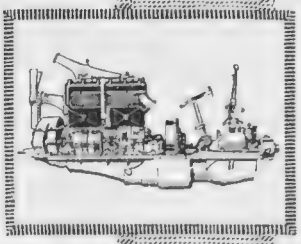
THE FRENCH NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

This Water is regularly imported, and can be obtained at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, &c.

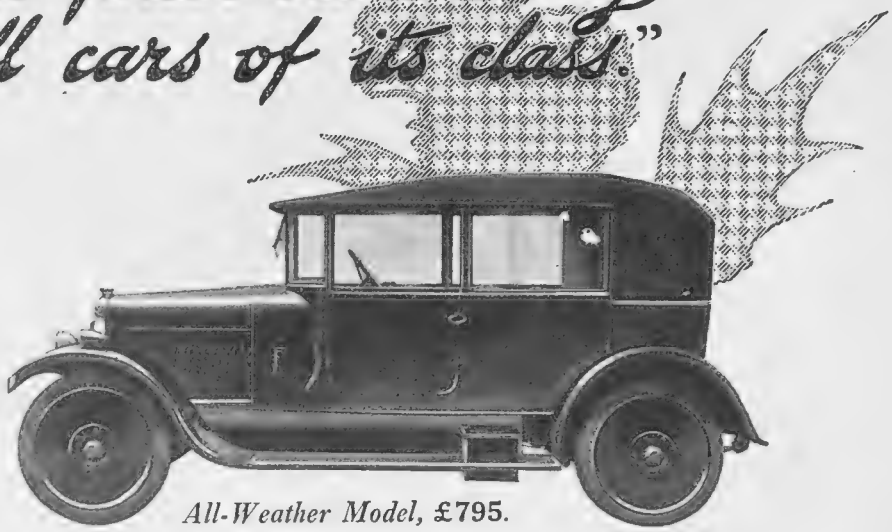
Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,
Bangor Wharf,
45, Belvedere Road,
LONDON, S.E. 1.

VICHY ETAT

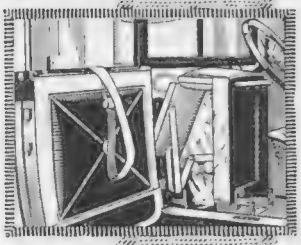
"The finest value among all cars of its class."



Power Unit (near side).



All-Weather Model, £795.



All-Weather Car. Door open.

SCOTLAND is famous the world over for its remarkable engineering genius—of which the new type "C" "Arrol-Johnston" car is an admirable example. It is designed by engineers who have studied every development of the motor industry since cars were first known, and to this invaluable experience has been added the conclusive test of searching trials.

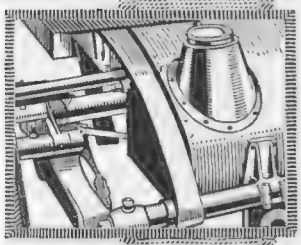
Local trial runs on application to

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD., DUMFRIES, N.B.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION

15·9 h.p. four cylinders, 80 by 150 mm. (2,614 c.c.) forced lubrication (1,500 m.p.g.), disc clutch, Fellows' magneto, four speeds, (right hand gate change) unit rear box, spiral bevel back axle drive, 815 by 105 mm. Dunlop Magnum tyres on Michelin disc wheels, C.A.V. lighting and starting.

Touring	Model -	£650
All-Weather	..	£795
Saloon	.. -	£850

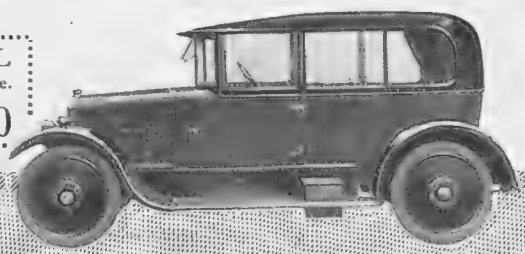


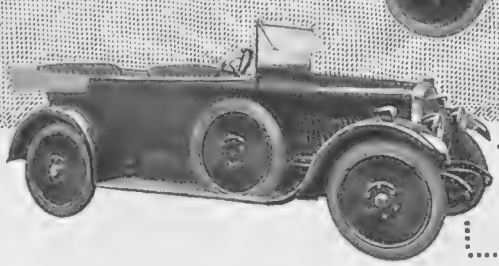
Rear Springing and Petrol Tank.

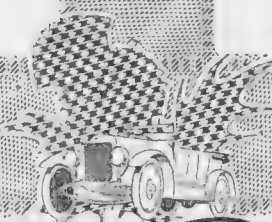
Arrol-Johnston

London Dealers: LEVERETT, THORP & KEARTON, Ltd., 122 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

SALOON MODEL
The driver's seat is adjustable. Frameless windows. Painted blue, grey or light brown to choice £850







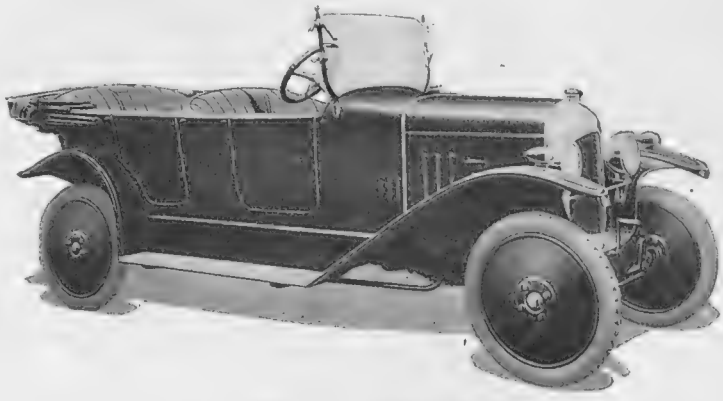
TOURING MODEL
Embodying the latest streamline design. Very fully equipped. Painted light brown - - £650

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

the public will gather in greater numbers to such events, as, though one sees 7,000 to 10,000 people at Brooklands on Bank Holiday meetings, the concourse is small as compared to even small hunt meetings of the gee-gees. As they are giving away £1,500 at this meeting it will require a big gate to recoup them, and I sincerely hope they will get it. Entries close at £50 per car (£25 returned for starters) on July 31, but entries at double fees will be received up to September 8, so as to allow cars that are running in the Italian Grand Prix on September 3 a chance to enter if desired. This Brooklands race will start at 11 a.m., so the public will be able to see the cream of car construction hurtling round the track for five hours without intermission. Amateurs can enter and drive without losing their amateur status, just as amateur riders may in steeplechases.

* * *

ALBERT cars are down in price to £440 for a two-seater and £448 for the four, but no reduction in the quality or liberal equipment. The truth is that manufacturers are relying on the fall in the cost of materials generally, and knowing that we have to get back again to pre-War prices as soon as possible. In fact, those who do this early are going to get the business, and that is why prices are being lowered just at the time when business is increasing instead of when it is falling off.



A PRACTICAL FOUR-SEATER

An 11.4 h.p. four-seater André-Citroën, which, complete with electric lighting and starting set, is moderately priced at 395 guineas

BY the courtesy of the Postmaster of Birmingham, the Chief Constable has arranged to reserve space in Pinfold Street, between the entrance to the Post Office yard and the corner of Navigation Street, for the parking of cars for short periods while owners are shopping or visiting offices. Vehicles must be parked diagonally at an angle of 45 degrees with the near hind wheel resting on the kerb, and the bonnet facing uphill. Good old Brum! It certainly keeps up its reputation for progress, as now there are no fewer than twenty-two such places for leaving private cars in that city. Motorists who want all these addresses in Birmingham where to leave their motors should write to the A.A. offices in that city at New Street, as that organisation will gladly supply this information.

* * *

AVON tyres are lucky in having such a representative as Mr. Kaye Don, who seems to be always winning laurels in motor sporting events. His latest achievement is to put up fresh records for ten laps, 50 miles, 100 miles, and one hour at Brooklands on the four-cylinder A.C. cars for Class "A" in that club's recording sheets. This he did recently, so it is evident that Colonel Lindsay Lloyd has got this track into its best running condition nice and early this season, so no doubt the racing there at Weybridge will be faster than ever.

OLD HY.

Barclay's London Lager

IT'S good to find shelter from drizzling rain and wet pavements and sit down to a sizzling mixed grill, piping hot, kidney, bacon, sausage, tomatoe—and with it a glass of Barclay's London Lager, clear as amber.

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Brewed by

Barclay, Perkins & Co., Ltd.,

Southwark, S.E. 1

How do your tyres stand up to *inside* wear?

IF actual wear on the tread of your tyres in contact with the road were all your tyres had to withstand—tyre-mileage would run into phenomenal figures. But the wear that matters most comes from *inside*, the tyre-internal friction; and the heavier the car, the rougher the road—the worse that *internal* friction becomes. In fabric tyres there is a perpetual rubbing together and straining of the cross-woven threads of the fabric that inevitably causes the tyre to fail *from the inside.*

Dominion Royal Cords have, with their multiple cord construction, eliminated internal friction. They stand up to *inside* wear as well as they do to tread wear. Layers of thousands of pliant cords, each cord insulated from the others by a cushion of live rubber, and each successive layer—laid at right angles to those above and below—cushioned in the same way, are built up to give *inward* strength to Dominion Royal Cords. Internal friction is replaced by an internal resistance to wear that means more—much more—mileage, greater resiliency expressed in more riding ease, and a real saving in petrol and wear and tear of your car.

Fit Dominion Royal Cords for greater mileage

Made for Straight Side Rims only—no Tyre Levers are required.

The 30 x 3½ Beaded Edge DOMINION ROYAL CORD is ready for you. *Ask your Dealer.*

Dominion Tyres are Good Tyres

Dominion Tyres are made in Canada, at Kitchener, Ontario.

United States Rubber Company, Ltd., 47-48 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

BIRMINGHAM: 6 TEMPLE ROW. LIVERPOOL: 41-55 WAPPING. GLASGOW: 48-50 CADOGAN STREET.

As a gift for Easter, give Her a Necklet of Ciro Pearls

Miss Dorothy Ward, the well-known and talented musical-comedy actress.

Apart from the general effectiveness of Pearls as a distinctive finishing touch—a necklet judiciously selected is a great personal asset to a woman. The attractive curve of a long, slender, perfectly-proportioned throat, is doubly enhanced by a delicate strand of well-graduated Ciro Pearls falling to a graceful length.

After an investigation into the reason for the world-wide popularity of Ciro Pearls, "TRUTH," in their issue of March 1st, state:—"So close is the resemblance that on many occasions, people who would have laughed at the idea that they could not distinguish between a real pearl and the finest imitation, have been utterly unable to decide which was the oyster pearl and which the Ciro."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application.

Our only address in Great Britain.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.
Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

We have no Agents or Branches.

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Recherché Manteaux

No wardrobe will be considered complete this summer lacking the presence of one or more of the exquisite *manteaux*, which are so much in the limelight at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. A general survey of the exquisite and exclusive models here drives home the fact how influential a part is played by rich materials, also how fur, discreetly employed, mostly in the guise of collars, will be worn throughout the summer.

AN ATTRACTIVE WRAP

Shaped shawl-wise in a point at the back, this is fitted with graceful cape sleeves, hand embroidered in lines of jet beads, in various sizes, the high collar of fur completing a very elegant inspiration in carriage wraps

Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's by Betty Nisbet

It figures in a soft smoke-grey that is picked up in a lining of soft satin, to that elegant reception wrap illustrated, the main scheme of which is black double-faced satin, edged everywhere with a long, light jet fringe. Shaped shawl-wise in a point at the back, this is fitted with graceful cape sleeves, hand-embroidered in lines of jet beads, in various sizes, the high, upstanding collar of fur completing a surpassingly elegant inspiration in carriage wraps.

Again, of this rich double-faced satin is a long half-coat half-cloak affair, that falls in full classical folds from beneath a great shawl-shaped collar of the satin, quilted in a decorative design, of which the large turned-back cuffs are likewise made, a pleasing *imprévu* note occurring in the lining of putty-coloured crepe de Chine. And, talking of linings, one would almost like to wear inside out an evening wrap of *orchidée* mauve satin, brocaded in *motifs* of gold and silver, the two latter of which are accentuated in a *doublure* of broad striped lines of georgette in gold and silver grey georgette. When worn this assumes a long pouched look at the back, a magnificent up-and-down collar of chinchilla fur falling delightfully into the general scheme of delicate colouring.

The Seduction of the Soft Little Frock

Those who prophesied the departure of embroideries will find themselves very much out of their reckoning. Not only is this form of decoration as much in favour as ever, but it is also to be found in many fresh expressions, while the manner of applying it is in the highest degree artistic.

In silk, beads, paillettes, and wool, it contributes very largely to the continued success of the soft little frock, that pretty feminine thing the *vraie élégante* is wearing just now with such conspicuous success; and prominent among those who have succumbed to its fascinations is Shoolbred, of Tottenham Court Road. From time immemorial one has looked for the best of values in the dress *salons* here, which is incontestably maintained in the present remarkable display of up-to-date afternoon toilettes and *habillé* tailor-mades.

For the original of the adjoined example the designer—a famed

A PARISIAN MODEL

Of dark blue georgette, a delicate grey silk broderie being most effectively introduced on the finely plissé front of the jupe. The long waist and graceful square hanging sleeves are to be especially noted

Sketched at Shoolbred's by Betty Nisbet

Parisian *couturière*—has employed a dark blue georgette, embellishing it with a delicate grey silk *broderie*, the latter most effectively introduced on the finely *plissé* front of the *jupe*, these *plissés* being carried above the waist without the embroidery. To be specially noted is the long waist movement, defined by a deep embroidered band, the graceful square hanging sleeves being ornamented with diamond-shaped *motifs* of the *broderie*. A frock, soft

(Continued on page 85)

Dress *your* Children at ROWE'S

BOYS TAILORS GIRLS DRESSMAKERS

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS

COMPLETE School Outfits are a special feature of the Rowe service, whether for the small boy's first school or the young man's Public School.

Every garment is an example of perfect workmanship, and is tailored in the very finest materials. Ample turnings and let-outs are arranged for growing boys, and every detail will be found absolutely correct.

We can supply the School Trunk and every item of the Wardrobe to the last details of the Toilet.

BOYS' SPORTS OUTFITS

EVERY item for a Boy's Sports Clothes can be supplied in the famous Rowe standard of excellence. Suits for Golfing and Shooting in Real Harris, Donegals and Shetland—correct Hunting and Park Riding Kit in finest Whipcords, Bedfords and Coverts—correct Flannels in Greys and White, also Blazer Flannels in any combination of colours to order—Running Shorts, Gym Trousers and Vests, Footer Shorts and Shirts or Jerseys of the most dependable quality, together with comfortable dependable Shoes for all games.

ROWE'S SAILOR SUITS

THE House that made the Sailor Suit famous still supplies the finest Sailor Suits for Boys and Girls it is possible to obtain. They are cut and tailored by men and women who make Sailor Uniforms for His Majesty's Ships and Yachts' Crews, and for the sons and daughters of many Royal Families, and are absolutely correct in every detail. White Drill and Galatea tops and jumpers can be supplied to go with any suit. Send for our special Illustrated List of Sailor Suits free on request.

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A GIRL'S school outfit needs to be just as carefully chosen as a boy's, and the House of Rowe can supply every item well tailored in the best possible materials.

Tailored School Dresses, Coats and Skirts, Raincoats and Macintoshes in smart and sensible designs are stocked in every size with ample turnings and let-outs to allow for growing.

Tailored School and Gym Frocks made from the famous Rowe Serges are a particular feature.

Bring your children to Bond Street while they are on their holidays. You are very welcome.

You will then know why you should dress them at

WM ROWE & CO LTD

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS AND COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105-106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

and at GOSPORT

and fragile enough in appearance, yet at the same time possessed of an amazing amount of stability, thanks to the *plissés* and general handling.

The Triumph of Scarlet

THE unexpected has happened once again in the continued vogue for reds. There were strong rumours afloat that this would die with the winter. But not a bit of it, for here are milliners exploiting it in every conceivable tone from the vivid pillar-box to a tawny tango *via* lacquer, mandarin, etc.

At the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson, where all the millinery is now congregated, the emphasis laid on this *nuance* is unmistakable, since it is as prevalent in little pull-on shapes as it is in magnificent reception creations. Effected in heavy georgette, a real pillar-box red *chapeau* had the vivid tone maintained throughout, a glorious osprey sprouting out at one side.

TWO NEW HATS

The first is a pretty untrimmed hat of the pull-on variety, and is wrought of cerise silk, which is quilted all over in gold thread, and embroidered with additional motifs in shades of orange and pale yellow. The other chapeau is a delicate white creation on which is posed a mount of white osprey together with a cut osprey aigrette

Sketched at Peter Robinson's by Betty Nisbet

A SMART AFTERNOON GOWN

Contrived of fine navy serge, and trimmed with tiny tubes of grey ribbon edged with steel beads, representing matches

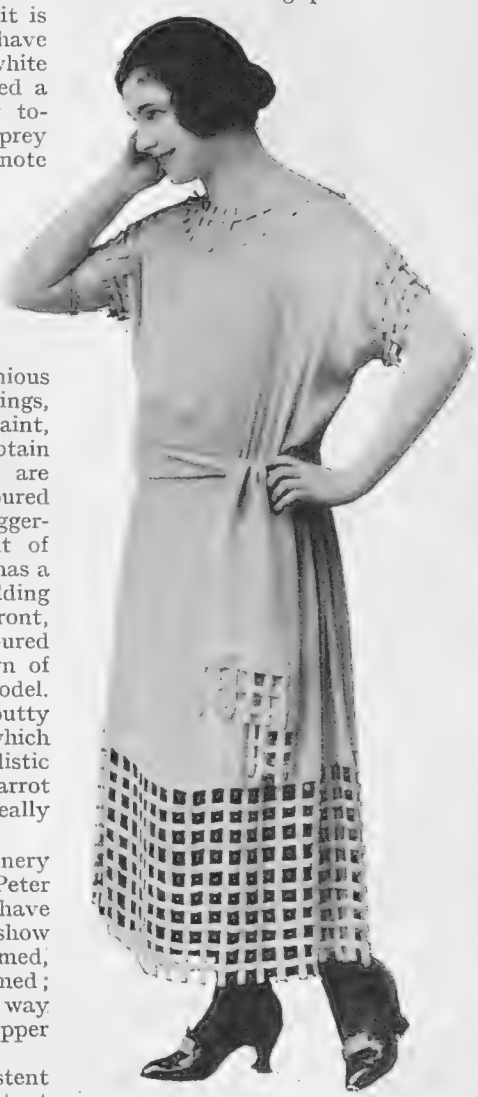
Model by Ainé-Montaille
Photograph by H. M. Talma

Georgette, apparently, is much appraised in these *salons* as a millinery asset, and among the many models for which it is used is one that we have sketched, a delicate white creation on which is posed a mount of white osprey together with a cut osprey aigrette as a clinching note of distinction. A veritable *chef d'œuvre* of daintiness and charm.

An invaluable decorative adjunct, moreover, is the brilliant-coloured parrot feather mounts; ingenious contraptions, sometimes all wings, and others mounted with quaint, wise-looking little heads. To obtain the requisite contrast these are mostly used on sombre-coloured shapes, as, for example, a nigger-brown fine straw, reminiscent of horsehair; *canotier* of shape, it has a cluster of gay parrot wings holding up the brim at one side of the front, a flat wreath of these multi-coloured feathers surrounding the crown of a dark-blue flexible straw model. For wearing with the many putty and fawn shades of material, which are out for a place in the modistic sun this summer, these parrot wing-trimmed *chapeaux* are ideally right.

So thoroughly is the millinery question thrashed out at Peter Robinson's, the authorities have thoughtfully divided up their show into three sections, the trimmed, semi-trimmed, and the untrimmed; a procedure that is in every way most helpful, alike to the shopper and assistant.

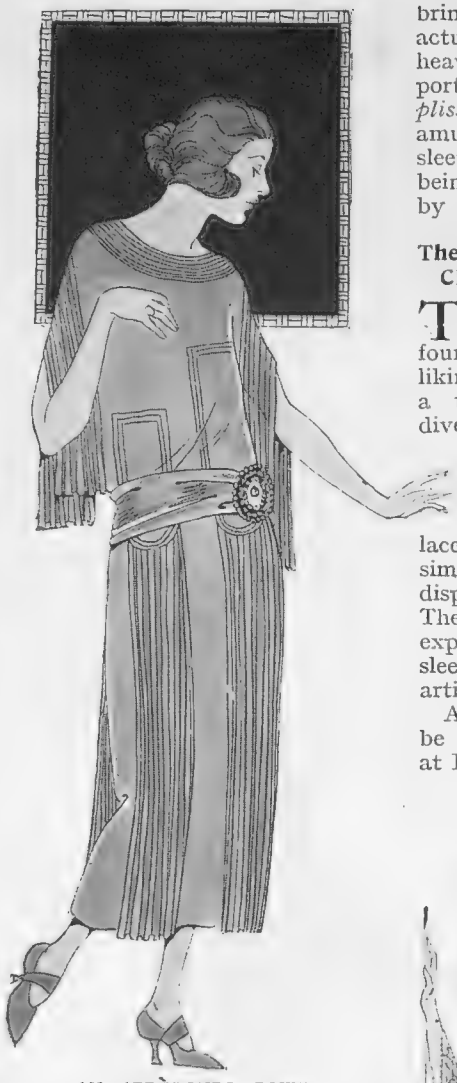
Broderie just now is an insistent feature and makes for constant variety. A notable novelty is a quilted effect wrought through the medium of fine gold thread, and this it is that is employed in the first pictured example. This adorable little pull-on is of cerise silk, which, in addition to being quilted over in



A BEAUTIFUL GOWN

An alluring robe in crepe romain cyclamen imposed on a base of black crepe de Chine, which has attracted much notice recently in Paris

Model by Ainé-Montaille
Photograph by H. M. Talma



AN APRÈS-MIDI GOWN

This frock is of beige georgette, portions of which are finely plissé, as will be seen; the sleeves are most original in design, and the décolletage of hand-rolled hems is also very attractive

Sketched at Harrods by Betty Nisbet

gold thread, is furthermore embroidered with motifs in shades of orange and pale yellow. It also serves as an example of the moderate prices prevailing in this section, 45*s.* being a moderate sum enough for such delicate stitchery.

Dainty Frocks for All Occasions

IT is always the little more that means so much, and it is this little more that renders a Harrods frock always such an eminently covetable possession. As behoves a house of such palatial dimensions, they are able to carry a stock of unprecedented size, so that there is never any doubt of finding exactly what you want, while it is the pride of the firm that they take into account every size of purse, of course within reasonable limits.

An ambitious effort is the *après-midi* gown sketched above, a faithful replica of a Paris model, which Harrods, thanks to their enterprising resources, are able to bring out at 15 guineas. The actual example depicted is of heavy-weight *beige* georgette, portions of which are finely *plissé*, as shown, and has amusing and most original sleeves, an effective finish being accorded the *décolletage* by hand-rolled hems.

The Elegance of the Straight, Clinging Ligne

THE dress designers of the moment have certainly found a text very much to their liking in the long *ligne* effect, a theme they contrive to diversify and elaborate in a hundred unexpected ways. In the hand, the soft little gown of georgette, *charmeuse*, and lace all bear something of a similarity, which is immediately dispelled once they are donned. Then one sees the most unexpected draperies, panels, and sleeves, not to mention much artistically applied *broderie*.

A nigger-brown georgette to be found in the gown *salons* at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street,

ELEGANT AND BECOMING

A frock of mole satin beauté, the front veiled in ciré lace of the same hue, which falls at the sides in handkerchief points

Sketched at D. H. Evans by Betty Nisbet

THE CHARM OF SIMPLICITY

This is a becoming gown of black marocain, which is guiltless of all decoration save a wondrous girdle supported by square plaques of beautiful Chinese lacquer

Sketched at Goochs by Betty Nisbet

has the flat, elongated bodice embroidered with lines of sphinx beads that, below the waist, resolve into long, grouped fringe touching the hem of the skirt, the wide, graceful sleeves being similarly embroidered, the fringe on these carried up the back of the arm. And it is cheap, too, is this wonderfully covetable creation at 14 guineas, for it is replete with elegant dignity and importance, as is also the mole satin *beauté* illustrated, the front veiled in *ciré* lace of the same tender hue, that at the sides falls in handkerchief points, two long looped-up ends of the satin dropping over this, lined petunia. Above the waist the bodice crosses kerchief-wise to disappear beneath a wide belt, hand-worked in multi colours with silk, the lace reappearing in hanging sleeves.

The Greek *Ligne* and the Girdle

THE rôle of the girdle grows more intensified every day. Having dropped as low as possible

(*Continued on page 85*)

Watch Them

Watch the changes which this ten-day test will bring.

Note how clean the teeth feel as compared with now.

See how they glisten when the film-coats go.

Mark how each use increases Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

You will quickly realize that this method means a new era in teeth cleaning.

You will know that it means much to you and yours, now and in years to come.

For Ten Nights

And ten days—these delightful effects

This offers you ten days' enjoyment of a new teeth-cleaning method.

It is used by careful people nearly all the world over. Authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

This test will let you see and feel how much it means to you. It will surprise and delight you. Please accept it.

To combat film on teeth

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there.

Some escapes the tooth brush, some resists it. Old brushing methods left much of it intact.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. That is why so many teeth fail to glisten as they should.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay. Decay starts in so many well-brushed teeth.

Very few people escape

Very few people have escaped some effects of film. Despite the tooth brush, teeth troubles have been constantly increasing.

So dental science long has sought a way to fight that film. That research has discovered two effective methods. Ample tests have proved them. Nearly all the world over now those methods are accepted and employed.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste, based on modern knowledge. With Pepsodent, one may apply those film combatants several times a day.

What else must be done

Science also finds that we should daily bring some aids to Nature.

The saliva contains a starch digestant, designed to digest starch deposits. Otherwise they may gum the teeth, ferment there and form acid.

The saliva contains alkalis, designed to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay. But, with modern diet, both these forces are generally too weak.

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste should increase them. So Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant and multiplies the alkalis. It does this in a natural way with every application.

Thus Pepsodent fights film-coats, starch and acids as no other way has done. To people all about you it has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

New beauty—new charm

This means for one thing new beauty and new charm. Dingy film-coats are removed, teeth are left highly polished. What your mirror shows you in a week will be a revelation.

To men who smoke it means frequent removal of the smoke-stained film.

It means new cleanliness to all. To young and old it means protection such as old ways never brought.

Send us the coupon and see these results. Read the reasons for them. Then judge this new way for yourself.

Now daily used by millions

Millions now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The use is fast spreading the world over.

It is time that every careful person knew the benefits it brings.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

South African Distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824 Johannesburg, to whom South African readers may send coupon.

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10-DAY TUBE FREE

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

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Address .....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

The Bystander, 5/4/1922

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

to maintain a precarious position about the hips, the *couturières*, at their wits end for novelty, are increasing it by two and three lines, with the result it is becoming a sort of trimming. Lacking the support afforded by a girdle, however, many a model would merely resolve into straight chemise draperies, the simplicity of which is wholly delusive. Far from being simple, these draperies are exceedingly adroit, as take, for example, the persuasive black *marocain* gown illustrated on page 86, a model commandeered at Goochs', Brompton Road.

It would be impossible to find a dress more finely typical of what is being worn, guiltless of all decorations save a wondrous girdle that begins modestly with two bands of black *moire* ribbon, supported by square *plaques* of beautiful Chinese lacquer, dull, sombre, and rich, the threading of this through carefully concealed slits sufficing to hold the statuesque folds lightly to the figure. To be likewise noted are the long, close-fitting sleeves, which at once proclaim the gown as one suitable for afternoon wear.

Temptations in Tailor-Mades

ONE particularly illuminative interview during the early part of the week was at Penberthy's, Oxford Street, W., where, after lingering long and lovingly over veritable mountains of gloves, I was pressed on to the costume department. Realising there were some important secrets to be divulged in these *salons*, I settled down into steady concentration on tailor-mades. Model after model was submitted to me, each one of which was covetable in its way, though none more so than the example illustrated—a suit, this, built of dark cinnamon-brown gabardine, the straight, belted coat trimmed with a lattice work design of silk braid in tone, framed in the new black silk moss embroidery, a singularly effective decoration, and lined with a lovely figured silk in tones of brown, blue, and orange.

A CHIC COSTUME

Of dark cinnamon-brown gabardine, the straight, belted coat being trimmed with a lattice-work design of silk braid, framed in the new black silk moss embroidery; a very effective decoration

Sketched at Penberthy's by Betty Nisbet

Naturally, I expected this elegant piece of tailoring artistry would command a big price. It was, therefore, little short of amazing to find it was marked at only 6½ guineas. Something of a difference from last year, is it not? Equally *bon marché* are some navy gabardines trimmed black silk military braid, the coats also lined artistic figured silk that come out at 5½ guineas, while in all fashionable shades of gabardines Penberthys are offering quite one of the most alluring array of coat-frocks, on which a silk *soutache* is introduced in effective contrasts, models replete with the latest novelties in sleeves, and necks that can be worn open or closed. These are the epitome of elegance and yet

(Continued on page 90)

The Lanchester "Forty"

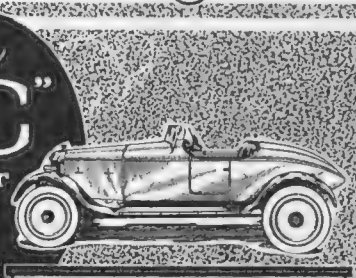
THE keen critic of fine workmanship and design will appreciate the superlative qualities of the Lanchester "Forty." It is a masterpiece of automobile construction designed to meet every demand of the motorist desiring a most generous measure of speed combined with absolute comfort.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR Co. Ltd.
Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.

Actual demonstration is the only proof of efficient performance. Will you make an appointment for a trial run?

Catalogues and photographs sent on application.

The Amazing "A-C" Light Car
"Worth more than any Other"



Not only worth more than any other, but it is "The World's Best Light Car."

Its reliability and lasting qualities are proved facts. Private owners have testified to covering 10,000 miles without spending a penny on repairs.

Its speed records prove it to be beyond doubt "The most reliable Light Car in the World," and the most comfortable.

In appearance and finish it is unrivalled.

Full range of models always on view
Prices from £495.
AUTO-CARRIERS, Ltd.,
(S. F. Edge—Governing Director),
288, Regent St., Oxford Circus, W.1.
'Phone: Langham 1403. Works: Thames Ditton, England.
Address of nearest Agent on request.

THE very shapes alone of Lafont Chocolates, with their tempting fascination, place this assortment in a class by itself.

There are cornucopias of marzipan, pralines, and cups of fondant cream with fruit preserve.

These and others of unmatched delicacy form the Lafont confection.

LAFONT ASSORTMENT.
3/3 per ½-lb. Box.
6/- per 1-lb. Box.
11/6 per 2-lb. Box.

Chocolat Lafont
SURFIN.
LE MEILLEUR CHOCOLAT DU MONDE.

PLAIN CHOCOLATE.
Lafont Croquettes,
1/6 per Packet.
Lafont Neapolitans,
9d. per Carton.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

eminently practical, and they are only 5 guineas.

Then, in view of the assured big demand, this house is making a great feature of pleated skirts, fashioned of a light-weight all-wool hopsack, boldly plaided in two colours. The range includes grey and black, grey and red, grey and mauve, the materials being arranged in groups of flat pleats broken at regular intervals by a small box-pleat. Finished by a narrow self-belt and ready to be stepped into, these will surely sell as the proverbial hot cakes at 23*s.* 6*d.* Penberthy is issuing the customary illustrated catalogue, to be obtained on application.

Le Dernier Cri in Summer Coat Wraps

ANY doubts that have arisen as to the continuance of the useful slip-on coats for the coming summer months are at once allayed by a visit to Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road. Whatever kind of weather the atmospheric gods have in store for us there will certainly be many days and occasions warranting the adoption of an elegant full-length circular cloak, that this establishment is showing in French face cloth. Offered in several delicate neutral *nuances*, as well as dark blue and black, this cloak is sufficiently voluminous to be worn Spanish-wise, with one front flung over the shoulder.

A SMART OUTDOOR COAT
This is built of lightweight navy gabardine, the long, pouch waist effect being exceptionally smart, while the embroidery of fine steel beads adds distinction to a very becoming model
Sketched at Gorringe's by Betty Nisbet

Needless to say, it is unlined, but round the hem and picturesque collar there are worked rings of nail head beads in gilt, oxydise, and dull silver, a slight decorative relief that is most intriguing. And the price of this essentially practical and pretty summer wrap is something of a surprise, since it is only 4½ guineas.

Illustrated is one of many smart representative coats likewise to be seen in these singularly well-equipped *salons*. Built of light-weight navy gabardine, the long pouched waist effect is quite of the moment, the three-quarter view taken showing how the embroidery of fine steel beads is elaborated at the back and trails off into a narrower line across the front. With its small upright collar and epaulettes of embroidery, rather reminiscent of Indian cavalry, there is quite a little military suggestion in this model, which, with a *doublure* of figured shantung and hand bead embroidery, is surely very moderately priced at £18.

It was only to be expected, of course, that the ubiquitous *marocain* should find recognition in such a *galère*, especially in black. Models culled from exclusive Parisian sources are copied by Gorringe at half the original cost. So beautiful in itself is this fashionable crepe fabric, the simpler it is made up the more successful. A typical case in point is a model drawn into a long pouched waist by a girdle

(*Continued on page 92*)

Easter Gifts

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES, AND CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Maison Lyons Chocolate Easter Eggs

are made from the same rich and delicious chocolate as that which covers the famous Maison Lyons Chocolates. The sizes at 1/6, 2/6, 4/-, 6/-, and 10/6 are prettily decorated with floral designs in chocolate and filled with assorted chocolates.

Each is carefully packed in its own box in readiness for posting, if required.

A Maison Lyons Chocolate Easter Egg makes a delightful and always acceptable Easter-tide gift. They are sold in the salons at the Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford Street; The Corner House, Coventry Street; The Strand Corner House; and the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue & 211 Regent Street.

POST ORDERS should be addressed to Maison Lyons (Post Order Dept, No. 25), 370, Oxford Street, London, W.

POSTAGE PAID IN U.K. ON ORDERS TO THE VALUE OF 10/- AND OVER.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

Spend Easter in good company

Choose your golf ball from the

DUNLOP
RANGE

You will find it an ideal companion, responsive to your moods, making your good game better, and your good time certain.

DUNLOP 3/- GOLF BALLS

Lattice Marking

DUNLOP "162." (Red name—minimum size, maximum weight).
DUNLOP "D." (Black name—medium size and weight).
DUNLOP "MAGNUM." (Yellow name—large size, medium weight).
DUNLOP "FLOATER." (Purple name—large size, floating weight).

Recessed Marking

DUNLOP "162." (Minimum size, maximum weight).
DUNLOP "29." (Medium size and weight).

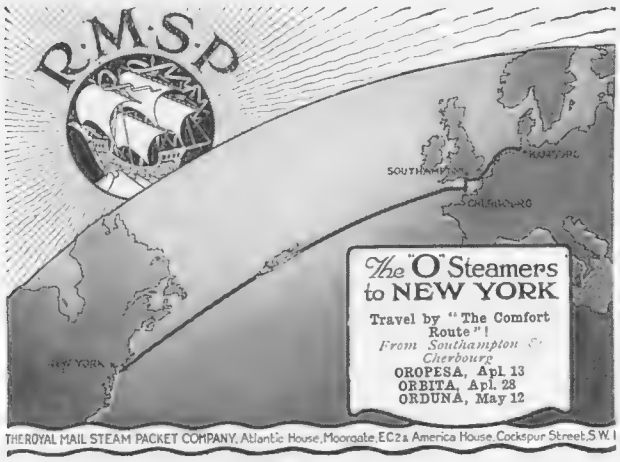
WARWICK 2/- GOLF BALLS

Recessed Marking

"WARWICK." (Small size).
"WARWICK BUOY." (Large size—floater).

All the above are guaranteed to comply with the limitations laid down by the Rules of Golf Committee and the U.S. Golf Association. Obtainable only from Golf Professionals and Sports Dealers.

Have you tried the Dunlop Lattice-marked Golf Ball?



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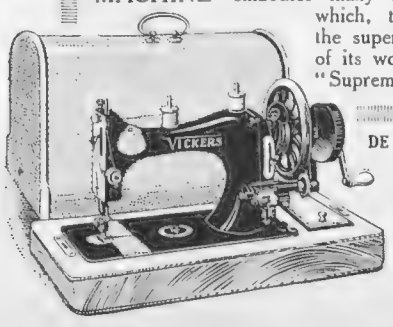
The design of the VICKERS' SEWING MACHINE embodies many new features which, together with the superlative quality of its work, renders it "Supreme" in its class.



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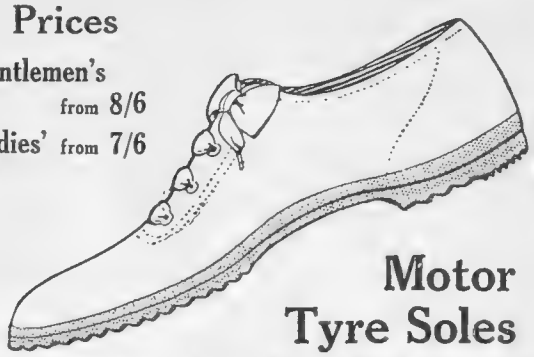

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Confidence in your shoes gives greater confidence in your play.

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TENNIS SHOES

Baysides are fast, reliable, sturdy and smart; the Motor Tyre Soles are particularly tough and flexible. Give at least twice the wear of ordinary rubber soles. For better tennis, wear better shoes—Baysides.

The Hard Courts require a still sturdier shoe; you get this in the

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Thick rubber soles, insulated sock lining and, between the two, a cushion of felt. Eliminate all jar to the feet.

Prices
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If any difficulty in obtaining these shoes, write us for name of nearest retailer.

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(C. W. RANDALL & CO., LTD.)
141, HIGH STREET, SHOREDITCH, LONDON, E. 1.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

of looped black jet beads, a light, tasteful *broderie* appearing on the collar and sleeves. It is a perfect replica of a costly model brought out at 12 guineas. It is always well to bear in mind that Gorringe keep very much in view the needs of older women, who this season will find a wealth of choice far exceeding their expectations.

Summer Frocks for Slender Purses

In pursuance of their customary procedure Messrs. Liberty, Regent Street, are offering a range of pretty, simple washing frocks ready to wear at prices well within the reach of a small allowance. This season they are employing a Yoru crêpe, of course an exclusive material, which they are trimming with hand-printed silk. An adjoined sketch reveals one of three designs that Liberty's are selling at 47*s.* 6*d.*, and in three sizes, respectively 13½, 14, and 14½ inch neck measure.

Characteristically Liberty, these dresses, while conforming to latter-day edicts, do not easily date, the colours in which the Yoru crepe is offered including a jade-green, a soft vermilion flecked with white, and two excellent blues and some persuasive mauves. An illustrated leaflet and patterns can be had on application.

A SUMMER FROCK

These ready-made simple washing frocks, to be had from Liberty's at exceptional bargain prices, are made in attractive colourings, and do not become out of date

Sketched at Liberty's

A Useful Innovation

For the convenience of travellers and business men, Messrs. Eno have produced an additional size of their world-famous bottle of Fruit Salts. The new Handy size at 1*s.* 9*d.* has been introduced at the request of numberless Eno enthusiasts. The shape and size of this bottle make it ideal for the traveller, for club and office use, and for the week-end case. The original household size at 3*s.* is, of course, still available for its myriads of regular users.

Your Camera for the Summer

Before his death the late Claude E. Shepperson was able to complete two charming drawings for Kodak, Ltd., both of which are to be seen in this issue. Several artists who have seen them say that they represent Shepperson at his best.

For Tooth Health

Many wise people keep a medical reference work in the house to inform them what they should do in case of illness. Wiser still are those who read the little booklet, *Tooth Truths*, which tells how to *prevent* many illnesses from ever attacking them or their families. *Tooth Truths* deals with many unsuspected ailments arising from bad teeth; explains how simple it is to take proper care of the teeth, and so avoid those ailments, by using the right tooth brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—as sold only in the yellow antiseptic box. A postcard to Wm. E. Peck and Co. (Inc.), 31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, will bring this interesting booklet by return. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, now reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.*, is sold by all good chemists in sizes and strength of bristles to suit all tastes.

(*Continued on page* viii)

CONSIDER the ADVANTAGES

You'll want a really Smart Knitted Suit in the coming season, and it will pay you to get a good one—one that will keep its shape and wear quite satisfactorily.

Why not buy one bearing the well-known Jaeger Label? and so, avoid disappointment.

Tennis Knitted Suit Style 39

White Jumper **30/-**
„ Skirt **41/6**

Jumpers stocked in assorted shades.

JAEGER *Pure Wool*

LONDON DEPOTS:

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Will you send 2/6 for Food?

7,280 children in residence.

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"Why is *Your* Hair so Lovely?"

How proud she is as she runs her fingers through her hair rippling loose in "waves of glory" and she remembers the envious question "Why is your hair so lovely?" And yet her secret can be yours:

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Your hair is healthy at the roots. Bring forth all its luxuriant beauty with the nourishment contained in Rowland's Macassar Oil. Let it feed your poor hair to strong vigorous growth. When shopping to-day get it at *any* chemist, stores, or hairdresser you pass

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Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair

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New Spring Models

Cromer

CROMER.—Wide Stole, Nigger, or Black Marabout, lined satin, width 14 inches, length 63 inches **£1 · 19 · 6**

MANY OTHER MODELS EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL AND INEXPENSIVE.

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"I am more than satisfied with the result of your Franco-Barbe Process on my Burberry. I had given up all hopes of getting rid of the oil-stain on the sleeve, but now the coat looks as if absolutely new. The cost is very moderate indeed."—B.F.R. The Oaks, Sunderland.

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BEETHAM'S **La-rola**

(as pre-war)

It makes poor complexions good, and good complexions brilliant. It softens and preserves the skin and builds up the foundation of true skin health and beauty.

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has a style, strength and durability, which you will not find elsewhere. It is made to last, and will not go out of shape, because it is built upon strong wood and cane frames, and properly woven together without nailed-on strips or plaits which come loose and tear the clothes.

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— 2 PAGES —

THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 8.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

THE SECRETS OF THE GOODWINS
BY LORD HEADLEY.

THE NEW EVEREST EXPEDITION

Easter Excursions

The London and North-Western Railway Company are preparing a very comprehensive list of excursions for the Easter holidays to Scotland, the English Lakes, North and Central Wales, North of Ireland, Liverpool, Manchester, and East Lancashire, etc. The tickets will be available from Thursday, the 13th inst., with return on the following Monday, Tuesday or Friday, and the fares will be ordinary third class single fares, plus one-third, for the double journey.

Holiday Excursions by G.W.R.

The Great Western Railway Company have again made very comprehensive arrangements for the convenience of holiday-makers during the Easter holidays. On the days immediately preceding the holiday, ordinary express trains to the charming holiday centres on this popular line will be strengthened or run in duplicate, and in addition to those services a programme of excursions has been arranged, giving passengers the benefit of a low fare and allowing them convenient return dates covering the holiday period. All information may be obtained from the G.W.R. Enquiry Office, Paddington, W.

Easter on the Continent

Cheap tickets to Paris by the Calais and Boulogne short sea routes will be issued daily by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway from April 12 to 17 inclusive, available to return on any day within fifteen days. Tickets with a similar validity will also be issued to Brussels via Dover and Ostend. Special tickets, without passports, will be issued to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 13, 14, and 15, available for return on any day up to the following Wednesday. The Casinos at Boulogne and Ostend will be open. Particulars of the above Continental Easter cheap tickets, etc., can be obtained at the Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria (S.E. & C.R.) Station.

AN EASTER PORTENT

Many attractively coloured eggs are a feature of Fry's Easter goods for this year. And, besides delightful cardboard eggs of various colours containing delicious sweetmeats, there are big hollow chocolate eggs which specially delight the children

Great Northern Facilities

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged a comprehensive programme of excursions for the Easter Holidays, eight long distance special corridor trains being scheduled to leave King's Cross on Thursday, April 13, and these will be duplicated as necessary. The excursion tickets will be issued at the single fare and a third for the double journey, and will be available for return on the following Monday, Tuesday, or Friday at the option of the passenger.

L.B. & S.C. Arrangements

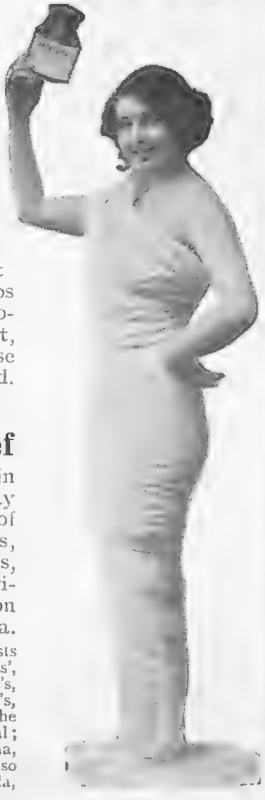
The following announcement of the forthcoming Easter Holiday arrangements is issued by the Brighton Railway: A special one to fifteen days' excursion to Paris via the Newhaven and Dieppe route will be run on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 12 to 17. Express trains will leave Victoria, 10 a.m. (First and Second-class), and 8.20 p.m. (First, Second, and Third-class). The Dieppe Casino will be open for the Easter holidays.

Golf in the South-West

For the ideal game at this time of year the splendid inland courses in the South-West are unrivalled. The long week-end at Easter affords an excellent opportunity of visiting any one of the resorts in the South, made so easily accessible by the London and South Western Railway. Extra trains have been put on for the holiday, of which full details may be had from the company's offices at Waterloo.

Start To-day

and get rid of Your Skin Trouble



Whatever your skin trouble, it can be cured by Antexema. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. It succeeds after doctors, specialists and all else have failed, and you see the benefit as soon as you use it. The first application of Antexema stops irritation and arrests the progress of your skin complaint, and if you persevere with its use you are soon thoroughly cured.

Antexema gives instant relief

Antexema cures every skin illness, from slight everyday troubles to the worst cases of eczema. Bad legs, rough hands, pimples, blotches, blackheads, face spots, and every sore, irritated or pimply skin condition quickly yields to Antexema.

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also of Boots', Harrods', Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe

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La Corona
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The Perfect Shirt for Ladies
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Here is sketched a most becoming "home dinner" gown of black charmeuse and georgette. **15½ Gns.**

A charming house frock in burnt orange "crêpe-delaine" with lace to tone. **13½ Gns.**

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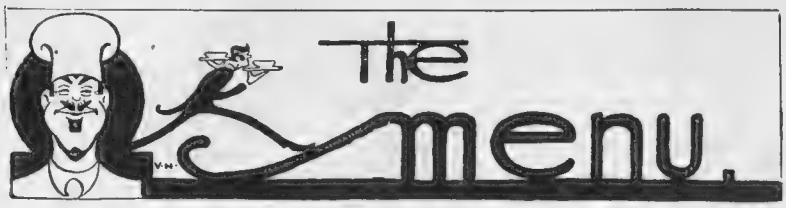

SAVOURIES

Prawns with Caviare

Fry in butter to a light colour eight rounds of stale bread, about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 ozs. of caviare with half a finely chopped shallot, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a sprinkling of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast, and when it is cool place a thin slice of lemon on each croûte and a teaspoonful of caviare on each. Place a picked prawn on each side of every croûte, and half a stoned olive in the centre. Serve in a glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

Salmon Fritters

Boil half a pint of water in a small saucepan, and add 1 oz. of butter. When the latter is dissolved add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and work in about 1 oz. of flour. Stir well over the gas until the paste loosens from the sides, then add, one by one, three eggs and a pinch of salt. Flake some cooked salmon, season with salt and pepper, shape into small balls about the size of walnuts, dip these in the prepared batter, and fry in hot fat until a light brown colour. Drain, dish up, and serve.

Devilled Sardines

Choose ten or twelve good-sized sardines, drain them from the oil in the tin, wipe them, and sprinkle with mustard and cayenne. Fry them on both sides in a little butter. Put them on strips of buttered toast and serve hot.

Parmesan Rice

Fry one chopped onion in 2 ozs. of butter in a stewpan, add ½ lb. of rice, and fry a little with the onion; then add one and a half pints of stock or water, which should be boiling, flavour with salt and pepper. Stir the rice well, and cook in a covered pan very slowly for fifteen minutes, stir in the grated cheese, and add a tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce.

Calf's Brains on Toast

Wash well in salt and water and then boil the brains. When boiled, chop them up with a little ham, cayenne, and a little cream. Put the brains on to small rounds of fried toast, and put them under the gas deflector for a few minutes to brown. Serve hot.

Cod's Roe

Take some smoked cod's roe, shave it into very small pieces, put it into a saucepan with a good-sized piece of butter, a little pepper, and a teaspoonful of Worcester Sauce. Stir it well over the fire, and pour it on pieces of toast cut into rounds.

Cheese Ramequins

Melt 1 oz. of butter, blend with ½ oz. of flour, and then stir in a quarter of a pint of milk, a little salt, and white pepper. Beat in the yolks of two eggs, add 3 ozs. of grated cheese, and having whisked the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth mix altogether and put in the cases. Bake a quarter of an hour.

Prairie Oyster

Put into a wineglass a teaspoonful of vinegar, break a new-laid egg into it, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle it with vinegar and a dash of Worcestershire Sauce. This is a good pick-me-up.

EMILIA

Two Perfect Creams that perfect Beauty

FOR day-time protection use Pond's Vanishing Cream — for night-time cleansing, Pond's Cold Cream. These two creams thus regularly used on the face, neck and hands, will give you woman's chief delight — a skin and complexion gloriously fair, deliciously smooth and dainty.

Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream is a protective cream which vanishes instantly into the pores, leaving the skin soft and velvety with no trace of shine. Delicately scented with Jacqueminot Roses.

Pond's Cold Cream is a cream with an oil base which cleanses the pores thoroughly, supplementing the natural oil of the skin and preventing the formation of lines and wrinkles.

The use of these two creams is a pleasant way to guard yourself from the ill-effects of sun, wind and rain, and prevent roughness and redness of the skin.

CAUTION.

Some face creams encourage the growth of hair. You are safe with Pond's Creams which NEVER promote the growth of hair

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome Opal Jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Also Collapsible Tubes, 7½d. (handbag size—Vanishing Cream only), and 1/-.

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A Toilet Preparation for rendering the hands soft and white.

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2/6, 4/9, 6/9
per bottle.

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A delightful Toilet Soap possessing the beautifying properties of Ess Viotto.

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(Without Spirit)

C. C. Perfumes are the concentrated fragrance of the best-loved flowers, picked at the very moment of their sun-kissed perfection.

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Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

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Complete and Courteous Service for Ladies, Gentlemen & Children.

Please accept this as an invitation to make at your convenience a tour of inspection of this new and handsomely equipped establishment.

"The Queen" says:

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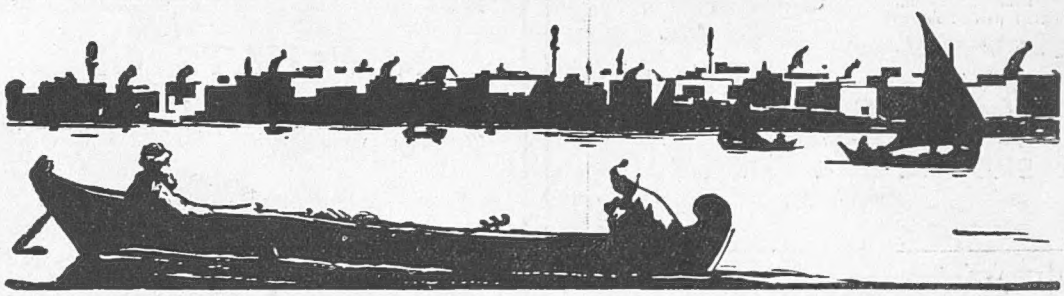

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PRETTY COAT (as sketch) in good quality grey alpaca with dainty collar and cuffs of white organdi, lined silk.

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Size for 2 years,	89/6
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Hat in fine black liseret straw, lined black tulle, and trimmed ruchings of tulle and pink rose petals, 59/6

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THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH UTMOST CONFIDENCE.

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WASHABLE CHEVRETTE SUEDE GAUNTLETS, in putty, light beaver and light grey.
Price **12/9** per pair.
Also in 2-button, same colours.
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NOVELTY GAUNTLET CHEVRETTE SUEDE, with contrasting lining in cuff, in black and white, brown and champagne, tan and light tan, putty and brown, drab and drab.
Price **11/6** per pair.

A 13
EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY, IN BEST SUEDE FABRIC, French manufacture, in various colours.
Price **7/11** per pair.

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EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY IN CHEVRETTE SUEDE GAUNTLETS, in black and white, brown, nigger, beaver, grey and smoke grey.
Price **11/6** per pair.

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Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.8 and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4.—April 5, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.